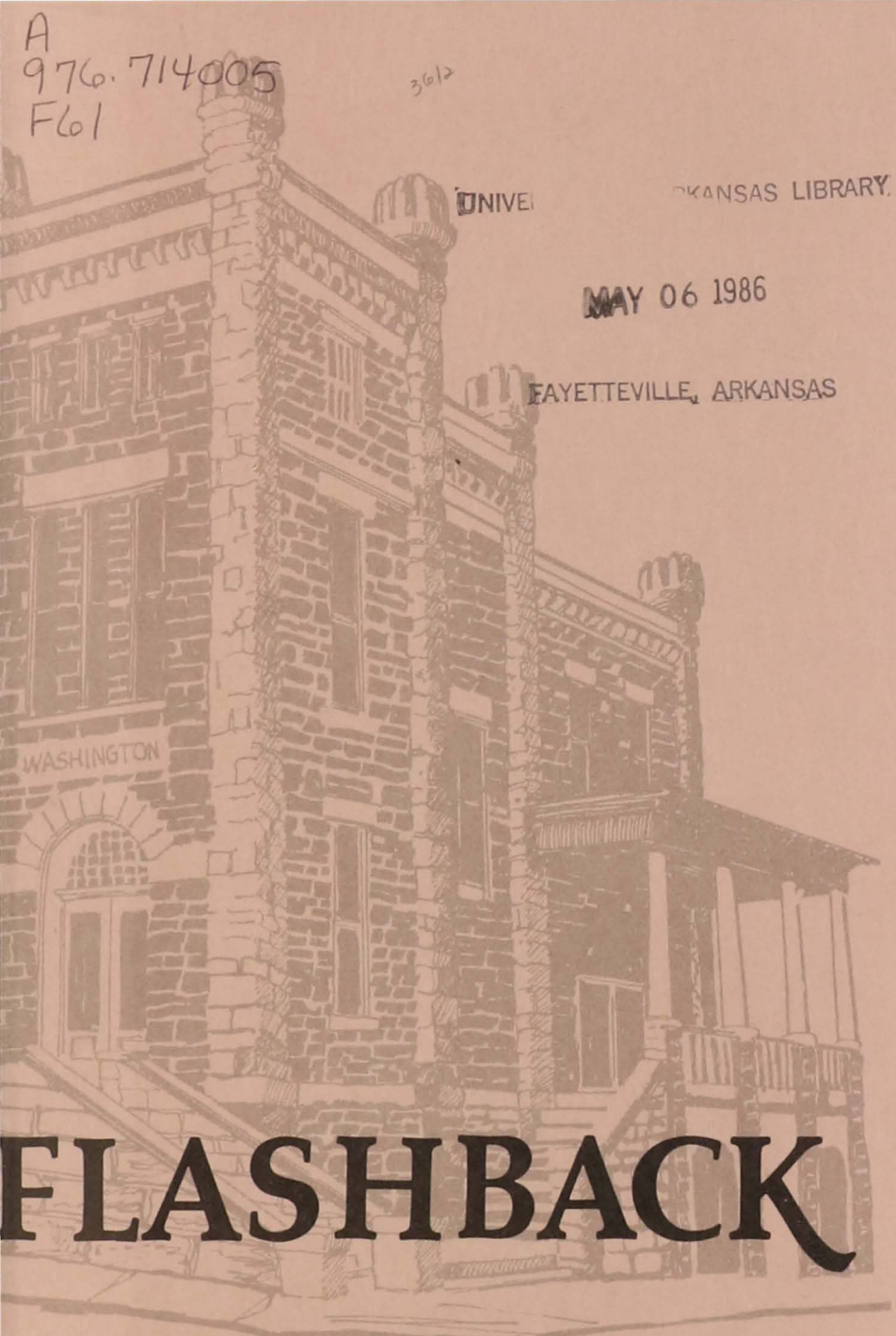
A
976.714005
F61

3612

UNIVE[illegible]KANSAS LIBRARY

MAY 06 1986

FAYETTEVILLE, ARKANSAS



FLASHBACK

Preserving the Past for the Future

May, 1986
Washington County Historical Society

FLASHBACK is published quarterly in February, May, August and November. All material being submitted for publication should be sent to the editor at 118 East Dickson Street, Fayetteville, AR 72701. No payment is made for the articles published in FLASHBACK.

Membership in this Society is open to anyone interested in the collection and preservation of Washington County history. Membership dues are $7.50 annually, payable on a calendar basis.

Copies of FLASHBACK for prior years cost $5.00 each. Current year's issues are $3.00 each.

Officers

Pat Donat
President

Dr. Ben Winborn
Vice President

Grace Thorp
Recording Secretary

Lois Miller
Corresponding Secretary

Jean Newhouse
Treasurer

Keith Newhouse
Editor

Board of Directors

Serving Thru 1986

Helen Brannan
Newt Hailey, Jr.
Robert G. Winn

Serving Thru 1987

Dr. Tim Donovan
J.A. Pennington
Mildred Winborn

Serving Thru 1988

Michael Dabrishus
Mary Frances Newbern
Betty Williams

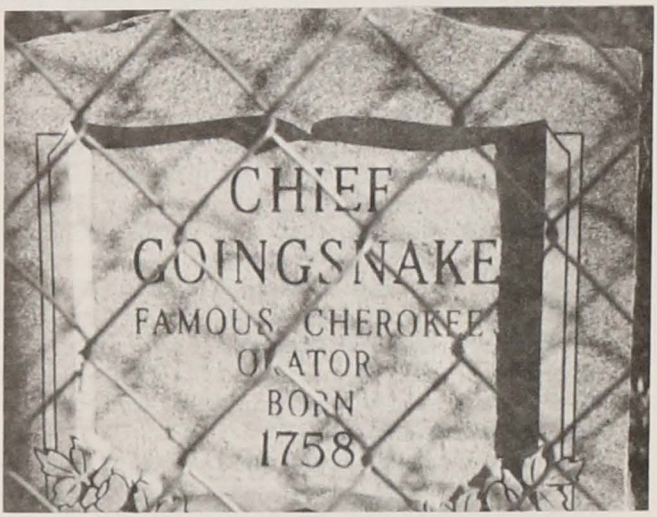
FLASHBACK

Published by the Washington County Historical Society

Volume Thirty-six *Number Two*

John R. Crittenden at gravesite.

Going Snake's grave. Going Snake was not actually a chief of the Cherokees, but a highly respected leader. He died about 1839-40 and was buried near where he lived in the Goingsnake District.



GOINGSNAKE: THE CHEROKEE AND THE EASTERN OKLAHOMA FRONTIER

by Virgil Talbot, Editor

Nestled among the beautiful hills of what is now northeastern Oklahoma is an area of some 350 square miles, once known as Goingsnake District, one of the eight original districts of the Cherokee Nation. Within the boundaries of the District, events took place that could rival the plots of the old-time western picture shows and surpass many real life tales of the Old West. Over a century later, people still talk about such men as Ezekiel Proctor, Stand Watie, Ned Christie and others. Tales of their exploits — the real and the imagined — are told time and again.

In the 67 years of its existence, Goingsnake District was wracked by such events as a shootout that left eleven men dead, a triple assassination and many killings of vengeance. The District, established in 1840, was named

for Going Snake, an aged and respected leader of the Cherokees. (With references to spelling, Going Snake, the man, is usually two words; the District is one word.)

The Cherokees patterned their government after that of the United States, with legislative, executive and judicial bodies and political subdivisions, known as districts. To capture some of the atmosphere of the times, let us look at the official description of Goingsnake District:

> Commencing on Caney Creek at Fawn's Camp on the right, and following the path leading to Thos. F. Taylor's until the same forks on the mountain; thence along the right hand old path (leaving said Taylor's to the left) to Dick Sander's on the Barren Fork; thence along the road to James McDaniel's on the Big Illinois; thence along the road or path leading to the Grand Saline, to Spring Creek, thence up said creek to the crossing of the Washington County wagon road, at Gore's old cabin, following said road to Flint Creek; thence up said creek to the State Line; thence south along the said Line to Flint District and along the same to the place of beginning. (The enclosed area covered the northern half of what is now Adair County, part of eastern Cherokee County and the southern portion of Delaware County.)

While is he often referred to as "Chief Going Snake," he was not actually a chief in the usual sense of the word. In white man's terminology, he was the political leader of an area similar to a township or small county. Going Snake died a few months after arriving in the Cherokee Nation West, but his influence and respect among the Cherokees was so great he was the only individual to be originally honored with a district named after him. (In 1851, Skin Bayou District became Sequoyah District in honor of the inventor of the Cherokee alphabet.)

What of the man, Going Snake? There is very little about him in the several excellent histories of the Cherokees. We do know he was born about 1758 somewhere near the point where the Tennessee-North Carolina boundary meets that of Georgia, in the vicinity of Nottely Lake. What little we know of Going Snake centers around his skill as a great orator and political leader, but there appears little doubt he was once noted for his skill as a hunter and warrior. His name, "Going Snake, I-NADU-NA-I, one who moves like a snake," indicates his prowess as a swift hunter seeking out his prey.

The earliest reference to Going Snake is in 1814 when we find him among the seven hundred or so Cherokees fighting with General Andrew Jackson against the Creek Indians. In the second battle of Horseshoe Bend, located on the Tallapossa River in Georgia, Going Snake, John Ross, Sequoyah, White Path and others, showed great courage and fighting ability and perhaps saved Jackson's scalp, both literally and politically. Some 900 "Red Sticks", as the Creek warriors were called, were killed and the powerful Creek Nation was brought to its knees. The exuberant Cherokees returned to their homes, seemingly secure in the prospects for peace and in their new friend, Andrew Jackson. Jacksa Chula Harjo, "Jackson, old and fierce," the Creeks called him, was a demanding leader, but he was fair and

he was their friend. Or so they thought.

Going Snake returned to Notelly, "Going Snake's Town." These "towns" were not communities within the definition of the white man. The Cherokee towns might cover several square miles with the inhabitants living in scattered homes over the area. They compared with the white man's township or county. By now Going Snake was past the half century mark, an old man for his time. His days as a hunter and warrior were over but he was becoming an important voice in his people's government.

In 1808 the Cherokees had established a government similar to that of the United States. Eight districts represented the political divisions of the Cherokee Nation East. Going Snake was one of the representatives from Amohee District and received one dollar per day for serving in the National Council. Path Killer was chief or "King" and John Ross was President of the National Committee, the second house of the Cherokee legislature.

When John Ross became Chief in 1827 and the Speaker of the Council, Major Ridge, became Chief Advisor to the Chief. Major Ridge, or "The Ridge" as he was sometimes referred to had served his people well throughout the years even to the extent of serving as executioner, along with others of Chief Doublehead who in 1808, had signed away Cherokee lands without being authorized to do so. With Ridge's elevation to Advisor, Going Snake was elected to the position of Speaker of the Council and received a raise in pay to $1.50 per day.

While Going Snake rose in stature as a leader and sage to his people, unfortunately little was being recorded about his private or family life. In the 1830s several white men came in contact with the Cherokees and reported their observations, but they record little about Going Snake. John Howard Payne, best known for his "Home, Sweet Home," mentions seeing the "venerable" Going Snake after Payne and John Ross had been released from a Georgia prison. Noting that, while the old man "could not speak a syllable of English", he "was eloquent with looks of joy," upon meeting Chief Ross after his release.

Payne wrote of seeing Going Snake's son in prison. "In one corner sat an Indian chained to a table, by the leg, his arms tightly pinioned. We found it was the son of the Speaker of the Council, Going Snake. They had charged him with refusing to give his name and number of his family, to the United States Census Taker. He denied the accusation, but his denial was unheeded. He smiled and seemed patient." George W. Featherstonhaugh, an English scientist, reported meeting Going Snake in 1837 and found "a fine, old man with a good deal of Indian dignity."

Since May 25, 1540 when the Cherokees encountered the expedition of De Soto, the Spaniard, they had been in conflict with the white man over land. Two and one-half centuries later Chief Old Tassel had eloquently summed up the problem with a few words: "Truth is, if we had no lands, we should have fewer enemies." Finding no gold, De Soto quickly passed the Cherokees by, leaving them relatively free from white encroachment for another century. The tide of white civilization rose with each new generation, sweeping the Cherokees back with each passing decade. The white

man wanted land and was determined to get it, irrespective of legal or moral implications. With treaty after treaty they hacked away at the Cherokee Nation, until the 1830s when the final onslaught began.

In 1828, Andrew Jackson was elected president and the Cherokees may have been heartened by his election. After all, they thought, had it not been for them, Jackson might not have made it to the White House. But political alliances and personal loyalities are expedient and so Jackson turned away from his red allies and listened to the Georgia gold seekers. The same year of Jackson's election, gold was discovered on Cherokee lands near Dahlonega, Georgia and the fate of the Cherokees was sealed.

In his first annual message to Congress in December 1829, Jackson called for the removal of all Southeastern Indians, to lands west of the Mississippi. In the colorful rhetoric of the Cherokees, the "Chicken Snake Jackson" had "crawled from the luxuriant grass of nefarious hyprocrisy."

In a memorial to the American people, signed by Going Snake and other leaders, they asked: "Shall we be compelled by a civilized and Christian people, with whom we have lived in perfect peace for the last forty years, and for whom we have willingly bled in war, to bid a final adieu to our homes, our farms, our streams and our beautiful mountains?...We wish to remain in the land of our fathers." A majority of the American people may have been moved by the plight of the Cherokees, but Jackson was not. Removal had seemingly become a personal vendetta to him.

The next few years saw memorials and resolutions, but no amount of legal or moral argument could stop the relentless tide of white humanity that sought possession of Cherokee lands, dotted with many prosporous farms and fine homes and the ever glittering promise of gold. In 1835, Jackson, through chicanery and connivance, obtained a treaty of removal, signed by Major Ridge, his son John Ridge, his nephew Elias Boudinot, and others. Their motives may have been honorable but they were a definite minority and without authority. Once again Jackson had pitted Indian against Indian, splitting asunder the Cherokee Nation, dividing it for decades to come. And waiting patiently in the shadows was the ghost of Chief Doublehead. The price of vengeance would come high.

Faced with dim prospects for peace in their ancestral homeland, some Cherokees looked to the West, as small groups had been doing since before the end of the 18th Century. First settling in what is now Arkansas, these first Cherokees were later forced westward into present-day Oklahoma. A treaty was signed, giving them a homeland for as long as the grass grew and the water flowed. The slow process of governmental bureaucracy coupled with greedy speculators, Indian agents and contractors brought hardships to many of these "Old Settlers," as they came to be called. Many had to sell their claims upon the government to speculators for a pittance in order to survive.

Now the Old Settlers were joined by the Ridge, Boudinot, Watie, and other members of the Treaty Party. They picked choice tracts of land and watched their slaves build fine homes and clear the field. They waited for their Cherokee brothers in the East to follow.

For the majority of the Cherokees, the attachment to their ancestral homeland was strong. They could not believe the white people would force them to leave. They were wrong. And so the hot and dry summer of 1838 came. The U.S. Army, under the command of Gen. Winfield Scott, rounded up the Cherokees like cattle and penned them in corrals built with walls sixteen feet high. Crops were left standing in the fields, fruit fell from the trees in the orchards and cabins were left virtually intact with household goods.

At one place a young boy ran from his home when he saw the soldiers. An order to halt was ignored and the youth was brought down with a bullet in his back. Then they discovered he was deaf! My great-great-grandparents, Ellis and Charlotte Downing Beck, were among the many who were "startled by the sudden gleam of bayonets (and) driven with blows and oaths" from their homes. Greedy whites watched and moved in to take what they wanted and to burn what they could not take.

As they were driven away, many turned back for one last look. They saw the flames reaching toward the sky, destroying a lifetime of dreams and the heritage of centuries. Some saw the family dog sitting in the yard, waiting for a master who would never return. And the worst was yet to come!

A few Cherokees were sent west early in June. Reports came back of many deaths and undue hardships. Going Snake and other members of the Cherokee legislature petitioned General Scott for a delay until cooler weather. Scott agreed, but the Cherokees would remain penned in the corrals. The very young, the aged and the feeble died. How many? Seventeen died in one week in one area from "putrid dysentery." Estimates ran as high as two thousand. The Rev. Daniel Butrick was moved to observe that the enforced captivity was "a most expensive way of putting these poor people to death."

Through the summer and early fall, the sun beat down and the rains did not come. The choking dust grew thicker and death stalked the crowded corrals. September came and detachments of Cherokees began moving out. On September 28th, a group headed by John Benge prepared to leave. There was not a cloud in the sky as the wagons lined up, with small groups gathered around each wagon. Only the very young and the aged and sick would ride. The rest would walk. The exercise would be good for them, so said Gen. Scott.

Near the head of the line sat Going Snake on his favorite pony. The white haired old man, who had seen eighty winters, bowed his head in prayer. The order to move out came and Going Snake straightened his wiry body and led the way west. It is said that at that very moment a dark cloud appeared in the distant west and thunder pealed forth from the heavens. No rain fell and the cloud went away. For many it was an omen of things to come.

The memories of the harrowing experiences of those who came over the "Trail where they cried," was seared deeply in the minds of the survivors. They would last a lifetime and be passed on to their children — the tales of brutality and kindness, of sickness and survival, and of birth and death. Go-

ing Snake's friend, the aged and ailing Chief White Path, was one of the first to die and was buried near Hopkinsville, Kentucky. A wooden marker was placed at his grave, one of the very few marked. For the majority it was a hastily dug grave, unmarked, and now buried beneath ribbons of concrete and asphalt.

My great grandmother, Susie Beck, walked the Trail as a small child, as did James Still and his wife, Susie Downing. Ezekiel Proctor was seven when he came with his father and step-mother. How many came? No one knows for sure. Few records were kept. Some thirty-six thousand Cherokees were registered in the 1836 Census, but not all of those came over the Trail. Several historians have estimated that the Cherokee Nation East lost one-fourth of its population in the removal to Oklahoma.

Near the border town of Cincinnati, Arkansas, the Ward Branch begins its meandering course through the hills in a southwesterly direction. The small stream makes its entry into Oklahoma at a point some six miles north of Westville, Oklahoma. A wide horseshoe bend in the stream takes it into Oklahoma about a quarter mile before returning to Arkansas. At the apex of the bend a spring gushes forth gallons of clear sparkling water.

Old Going Snake arrived at this spot in early January 1839. He selected a tract of land a few hundred yards north of the spring. The land gently sloped up from the stream and about 100 yards from the banks of the branch Going Snake built his cabin. No doubt friends and relatives helped the old man erect his new home in the Cherokee Nation West. The one tool absolutely essential for such a building project was the single-bit or "pole" ax. Patterned after the tool that had been around for centuries, the ax used by these early Cherokee settlers was a crude homemade tool, hammered out by some frontier blacksmith.

Long, straight logs were cut and dragged to the building site, either by oxen or by human hands. A pen was erected higher than a man's head and an opening cut for the door, which was a blanket made of animal skins. Poles were used for rafters and if a "froe" was not available for riving out clapboards, the roof was a crude affair of split logs daubed with mud and grass. At one end, a chimney was built of logs, covered with mud and if available, the bottom lined with stone. This crude structure was cold and leaked, but it was home.

Shortly after Going Snake and his group arrived, another detachment of Cherokees stopped a short distance away near a tall mountain. This group led by Rev. Evan Jones was followed by another a few weeks later, led by the Cherokee, Jesse Bushyhead. The mountain became Bushyhead Mountain and many a Cherokee would climb to its peak and look eastward for signs of more of their people arriving in the new nation. The settlement at the foot of the mountain became known as Cherokee and later Baptist Mission. A mile or so north was the Robert Rogers ranch or plantation. The Rogers family were aware of the newly arrived Cherokees gathering a short distance away, but they were more occupied with the arrival of a son on January 11, 1839. They named him Clement Vann Rogers and he was destined to become the father of Will Rogers, the humorist.

It is hard to imagine the suffering endured by the newly arrived Cherokees during their first months in this land. The U.S. Government had promised to supply rations the first year to enable the Cherokees to become established and to raise food for their survival. The government contractors, Glasgow and Harrison, were out to make huge profits, however. Paid $45 per year per person, they supplied $5 worth of provisions. The meal and flour was infested with weavils and the meat spoiled. They bought cattle from the Indians for 1½ cents per pound and sold them for 25 cents. Sent to investigate the charges of corruption, Major Ethan Allen Hitchcock, found that "robbery by Government agent and contractors seems to be universal."

Their cabins built and their fields being cleared, the Cherokees set about building a new nation. In many respects the task was even greater. The newly arrived Cherokees, or Emigrants as they were called, looked on the fine homes and farms of the members of the Treaty Party with resentment. The Treaty Party was willing to form alliances with the Old Settlers to dilute the power of Chief John Ross of the Emigrants. The Old Settlers resented the intrusion of the others who were attempting to tell them how to run their business.

Under these conditions unity was slow to come. The first meeting was held on June 21, 1839 at Takattokah or Double Springs. The meeting broke up and the next day the Cherokee Nation was shocked with the news of the assassinations of three key members of the Treaty Party — Major Ridge, John Ridge and Elias Boudinot. The assassinations swept through the Nation like a wind-driven prairie fire. Ironically, they were reminiscent of the 1808 murder of Chief Doublehead. Major Ridge's participation in that killing and his subsequent leadership in getting a law passed later providing for stiff penalties for anyone signing away Cherokee lands had set precedent for his brutal murder.

Tempers cooled somewhat and on July 12, 1839 a general convention was held between the eastern and western Cherokees. An act of unity was passed declaring "one body politic under the style and title of the Cherokee Nation." Going Snake signed as Speaker of the Council. This important document may well have been one of his last official acts. By October a new Speaker was named, indicating the old man may have died. The next year when the original eight new districts of the Cherokee Nation were established, one was named for Going Snake, indicating further that the revered old man was dead.

Going Snake's friends buried the old man at a spot he picked near the banks of Ward Branch, amid the shading trees. Hunter, warrior and political leader, he had served his people well for decades. Now his weary bones could rest while others led the Cherokees through the troubled times ahead. The executioneers of the Ridges and Boudinot were never apprehended and the wounds caused by the killings would fester beneath the surface for decades to come.

By the mid-1840s however, the Cherokees were enjoying relative peace. They built an educational system that would rival that of the United States. One of the first schools established was at Cherokee or Baptist Mission, some three miles southwest of Going Snake's home. The alumni of this

school claimed some of the Cherokee Nation's most distinguished leaders. The Male and Female Seminaries at Tahlequah, the Cherokee capital, provided the opportunity for higher learning.

The coming of the Civil War opened old wounds. Cherokees fought with both the Blue and the Gray. Many families fled the Nation to Arkansas, Kansas and Texas. The home of the Cherokees became a wasteland as opposing armies marched across it and roving bands of renegades plundered and killed. One group known as Pin Indians, gained a reputation, deserved or not, for raiding into Arkansas, robbing and sometimes murdering. In 1863 my wife's great grandfather, Pleasant Renshaw West and his nephew, Ewing West, were killed in Arkansas, just a few miles from Indian Territory, reportedly by Pin Indians.

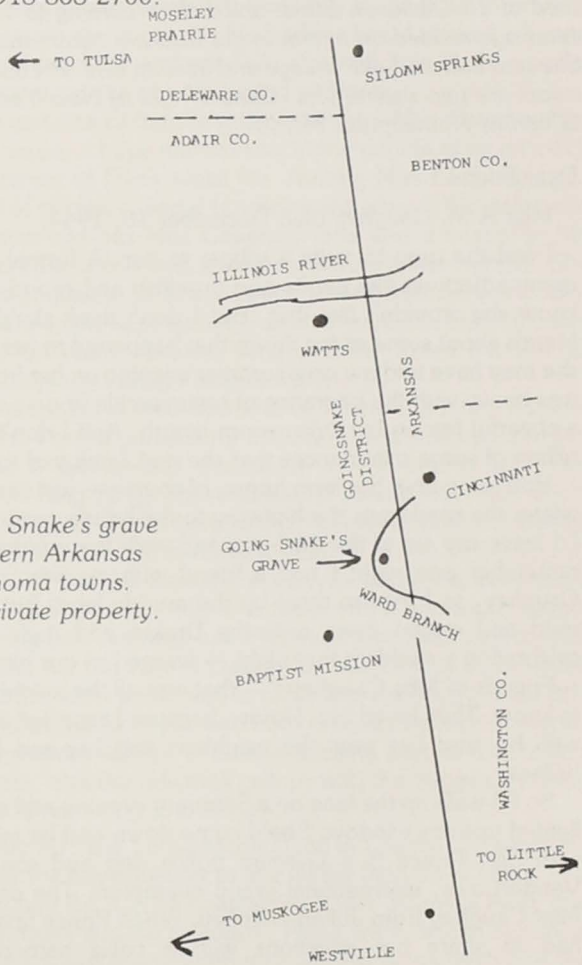
With the end of the war, the Cherokees began rebuilding again. The old divisions closed up and they became one nation again. Then, in 1872, the Cherokee Nation was rocked with violence when eleven men were killed in a shootout at the Whitmire school in Goingsnake District. Earlier that year Ezekiel Proctor, a prosperous farmer and respected member of the District had become engaged in an argument with one James Kesterson at the old Hildebrand Mill, located on Flint Creek, less than two miles from my home. Proctor drew his gun to shoot Kesterson just as Pauline Beck Hildebrand stepped between the two men. She died from Proctor's bullet and the shooting touched off demands for vengeance from the Beck family.

Proctor surrendered to Cherokee authorities and was charged with murder. The trial was being held at the Whitmire School which was serving temporarily as a courthouse for Goingsnake District. Several members of the Beck family had gone to Fort Smith and somehow were sworn in as deputies under the command of Deputy U.S. Marshall Jacob Owen. Owen's instructions from Judge Isaac Parker's court were to arrest Proctor if he was acquitted by the Cherokee Nation and bring him back to Fort Smith for trial. As the posse neared the scene of the trial the Beck men took command. White Sutt Beck entered the courtroom with his double-barrelled shotgun blazing. When the smoke cleared nine men were dead and two others lay dying, including Marshall Owen. Proctor's brother, Johnson Proctor was killed as was the defense attorney, Moses Alberty. Several were wounded including the defendant, the presiding judge and members of the jury. The next day Ezekiel Proctor was acquitted and he lived out his life, serving as sheriff and senator from Goingsnake District and Deputy U.S. Marshal. He died of pneumonia in 1907.

Some fifteen years after the Proctor-Beck feud one of the last violent confrontations between the Cherokee and the United States came when Ned Christie, another respected citizen of the Cherokee Nation, and a senator from Goingsnake District was accused of murdering Deputy U.S. Marshall Dan Maples. Guilty or not, Christie fled the scene of the crime and was hunted down by the U.S. lawmen. Christie eluded the U.S. Marshals for four years, then cornered, he barricaded himself in a fortress-like structure and held off the possemen until a cannon was brought in and Christie was killed. In typical western fashion his body was strapped to a door and hauled from town to town for the morbidly curious to see.

The waves of white civilization were sweeping over the Cherokee Nation with demands for statehood. The land, once held in common by the Cherokee Nation, was divided up in allotments for each Cherokee. Many fullbloods opposed the allotment of land, but their efforts were futile. The Cherokee Nation was no more.

Under the rustling tree branches shading his grave, Old Going Snake's bones lay, almost forgotten for a century. Then in 1979 the Goingsnake District Heritage Association was organized to "preserve and publish" the history of the area. In 1980 Going Snake's grave was marked and in 1984, the organization began publishing THE GOINGSNAKE MESSENGER, a periodical of historical articles about the area. Dues are reasonable and members are entitled to the magazine which is currently published three times a year. For more information write GDHA, P.O. Box 180, Westville, OK 74965. Phone 918-868-2700.



Location of Going Snake's grave in relation to Western Arkansas and Eastern Oklahoma towns. The grave is on private property.

A 1944 EULOGY

by Walter Lemke

(Editor's Note: This loving tribute to a lovely lady was found in an old file folder at Headquarters House. We can't find evidence that it was ever published. It was written by "Uncle Walt" Lemke to eulogize Miss Caughey with whom he had a warm friendship. Today there are very few hereabouts who can even recall to mind the gentle woman. However, there are many who knew and remember Walter Lemke. We are always happy to publish his praises, by or for him.

Miss Caughey's obituary was published in the Northwest Arkansas TIMES on Saturday 16 December 1944: "Miss Ann Marie Caughey, about 85, died this morning at 4:30 in City Hospital after an illness of several weeks. She lived at 10 Davidson Street and before coming to Fayetteville about two years ago resided on a farm in the Buckner community for about 20 years. She was born in Lake Village and lived in Erie, PA and North Dakota. Survivors are two sisters, Mrs. Gene Wright of New York City and Mrs. Elise Gilbert of Minneapolis, MN.")

Dear Friend:

Miss A.M. Caughey died December 16, 1944.

I feel the urge to write a tribute to her. A formal tribute would require many adjectives like gentle and unselfish and proud and self-reliant, and I know she wouldn't like that. But I don't think she'd mind my telling her friends about some of the things that happened to her in earlier days. These she may have told me on a summer evening on her front porch when the air was heavy with the fragrance of honeysuckle or on a winter night in front of a cheerful fire on her living-room hearth. And I don't think she'd mind my telling of some experiences that she and I enjoyed together.

You remember her farm home, of course — just east of Mt. Sequoyah. In winter the road from the highway to the house was impassable for cars, so I'd leave my car at the mail-box and walk the quarter-mile to the house. I remember one night I had a friend with me who wanted to meet Miss Caughey, so I tried to drive up the muddy lane. But the car sank into the mud and stayed there until the Drakes and their guests — they were celebrating a wedding that night — learned of our plight and pulled us out.

Friends of Miss Caughey? — that was all the neighbors out there needed to know. They loved her. I know, because I attended country church service with her and I've seen the neighbors visit her and I've seen her in their homes.

So I'd walk up the lane on a February evening and shout a greeting to the lighted upstairs window. She'd come down and let me in. Prince would be with her. Prince is a German police dog and son of the famous Rex VanderLowe, international grand champion. The dog had been a gift to Miss Caughey from Julian Ownbey. When Prince first came to the farm he had to share her affections with a collie named Toodles. The first

photograph I ever took of Miss Caughey shows her and Toodles under a dogwood tree. Toodles grew old, very old; then one day wandered up the hill behind the house, laid himself down in a secluded spot, and died. Miss Caughey hunted for the collie until she found him. "Dogs go off, alone, to die", she told me.

Her father was a Confederate soldier, who lost most of his possessions with the fall of the Confederacy. Miss Caughey remembered the huge quantities of worthless Confederate currency that her parents owned at the close of the war. As a young girl she was sent north, to the home of an uncle in Erie, Pa. This uncle, named Walker, had been a Union general in the late war. Miss Caughey had two photographs of General Walker on her bedroom wall, one with and one without a full beard. She told me that the General once took his entire household, including Miss Caughey, to New Orleans for a visit. The bearded general left his family for an hour, promising to meet them on a certain street corner. He had his beard shaved off, and when he returned an hour later and playfully chucked little Nannie under the chin, she failed to recognize him and cried in alarm.

The Walker home was one of the showplaces of Erie. Miss Caughey had a photograph of the house, a huge mansion set in the middle of an entire city block. It was the center of Erie's social life. Among Miss Caughey's pictures were a number of groups at social functions and always the petite and lovely girl in the center was our Miss Caughey. She was a beauty in her twenties; and as far as I am concerned, she was a beauty in her eighties. She received an excellent education in Erie, supplemented later on with European travel. As you know, she kept up her interest in world affairs and could converse intelligently on many subjects. I have never heard her discuss bridge — although she played bridge occasionally.

She spent several summers in the Adirondacks, where she had a number of exciting adventures. I recall particularly a battle with a porcupine in her summer cottage and a face-to-face encounter in the woods with two escaped convicts from Sing Sing. These incidents would lose their effectiveness if *I* were to tell them. But to hear that little lady tell how she battled that porcupine around the room was really a thrill.

But an adventure that she had here in Fayetteville about eighteen years ago was just as exciting. She used to drive to town with a horse and buggy. When she was returning one evening, just after dark, two men tried to hold her up at the top of the hill just east of Gabbard's mill. One of them seized the horse's bridle and the other attempted to climb into the buggy. That little wisp of a woman grabbed the whip, lashed both men across face, whipped up the horse, and got away safely. The most exciting part of that night's adventure, she told me, was the downhill gallop, with the buggy careening from side to side and threatening to overturn.

Sometime in the late 80's she homesteaded land in Dakota. To secure title it was necessary for the homesteader to live on the land three years. She did it; little Miss Caughey did it. The nearest town was 30 miles away and there were no automobiles and no railroads. There were drouth summers and there were winters when the temperature was 40 below zero and the

snow drifted to the eaves of the mud-chinked house. But she stayed through all sorts of hardships and perfected her claim.

Last spring (1944) when John Gould Fletcher, the Pulitzer prize poet, and his wife visited Fayetteville, Helen Finger gave a tea for them. Mrs. Fletcher is Charlie May Simon, author of some fourteen books. While conversing with me at the Finger party, Mrs. Fletcher said she thought she was the last person to homestead land in Arkansas — I think she said in 1932. I happened to glance toward the other end of the room where Miss Caughey was seated behind the tea things, pouring. I said to Mrs. Fletcher, "I want you to meet a friend of mine, also a homesteader"; and led her over to Miss Caughey. I introduced the new Arkansas homesteader to the veteran Dakota homesteader and they had quite an animated conversation about homesteading. What Mrs. Fletcher didn't recognize at the time was that Miss Caughey would have been the perfect subject for one of Charlie May Simon's delightful books.

So far as I know, Miss Caughey was never interviewed by the press. Numerous attempts were made by feature writers to get her story, but none succeeded. I should say a dozen UA journalism students tried to interview her but she always declined to furnish information if it was to appear in print. The last visit to get her story — by a Little Rock writer — occurred a week before Miss Caughey's death. She appeared to be recovering from her illness at the time and smilingly insisted that she had no story.

There's one incident from Miss Caughey's Dakota period that I want to relate, because it tells more about her than all the adjectives in the dictionary. I may get some of the details wrong but the essential facts were as follows.

A young hired hand failed to appear at the farmhouse, so Miss Caughey went out to look for him. She found him lying in the field, his skull battered in from the kick of a horse. She helped carry him to the house, where she washed and dressed his bloody head. She said the skull was not merely fractured; it was actually bashed in. The nearest doctor was miles away. The boy was still breathing, so she sent a man with horse and buggy to fetch the doctor. When the doctor came a few hours later, the injured lad was placed on the kitchen table and the doctor removed a piece of the skull. None of the men could stand the sight, so Miss Caughey served as the doctor's assistant. She sterilized the instruments, held the kitchen lamp as the doctor directed, prepared the bandages. She nursed the boy until he could be taken to town. He eventually got well and some years later he showed Miss Caughey the silver plate in his skull and thanked her for having saved his life.

I don't know when she came to Fayetteville. She was already living on the farm when I came here in 1928. And what a beautiful place the farm was! — The stone-flagged outdoor living room with its two fire-places, the variety and profusion in the flower garden around the lily pool, the roses rioting over the stone walls, the well-kept vineyard, the wooded hillside behind the barn lot. It just — well, it just made you glad to be alive.

Then, to step into the house — to step suddenly from the bright beauty of

the garden into the dim loveliness of the living room! The serenity and charm of the corner what-not, the graceful love-seat, the carved secretary, the daguerro-types on the mantel, the brass screens and andirons, the books everywhere. If you had any cares you shed them magically and surrendered yourself to an atmosphere of gracious living.

The garden and the home reflected the personality of Miss Caughey. She fitted perfectly into the loveliness of her old-fashioned garden — the loveliness of columbine, lavender, and flax. And she fitted perfectly into the living-room picture, seated in the low rocker, chatting with her guests. Or, on occasion, sharing a mutual silence.

".....the years uncurl
Softly as silks wound from a turning spool."

You know, of course, that there was no sham or pretense about her. She despised hypocrites and make-believes. She was an aristocratic person. I would like to avoid that adjective but I need it. She was an aristocrat. She possessed a proud dignity that I thought admirable and becoming. She wore it everywhere — at the reception for the new rector or on the highway as she walked to town.

She often walked to town. She insisted it was only two miles. I've walked it myself; and if it was two miles, all I can say is that I dragged badly the last mile and a half. She was small and wiry and had tremendous pep. Frequently she walked to town across the fields and over the mountain. There was a foot-bridge on that route, over a dry creek bed, She always walked under the bridge instead of over it, because, she said, the boards were spaced too widely.

Her fearlessness was astonishing. She found a pair of water moccasins in her lily pool one day and clubbed them to death with the fire-place tongs. Once, after dark, while reaching for her baby geese under some bushes, a snake struck her in the hand. She treated the wound with turpentine, an all-purpose remedy in which she had a lot of confidence. The arm was swollen the next day, so I took her to Dr. Ellis. The doctor pointed out the two punctures in her palm about three-eights of an inch apart, where the fangs had struck. "Poisonous", he said, and cauterized the wound. I took her back to the doctor the next day, but she wouldn't go a third time, despite the medico's orders.

She thought nothing of releasing a horse's leg that had become entangled in a barbed-wire fence. Or of "midwifing the cow", as she expressed it. She was immune to bee stings. Once when cutting down weeds she walked smack into a swarm of bees. They were all over her. She brushed them off nonchalantly. They stung her, of course, but never raised a welt.

One day I drove her to town to do some shopping. Her last stop was at the Linkway Store. When she emerged, she tossed a couple of small packages on the back seat of the car. On the return trip to the farm the car hit several chuckholes in the road. I looked around to see if the packages had bounced off the back seat. I asked her what was in them. She said the larger one contained six sticks of dynamite and the smaller one contained

dynamite caps. I drove the rest of the journey at a mighty slow speed.

That was a drouth summer and she had bought the dynamite to use in blasting an old well in her vegetable garden, hoping to release water from the hillside springs. She had a 20-foot ladder and planned to climb down into the well and place the dynamite. It seemed quite a matter-of-fact undertaking to her, but I told her I would get somebody to do the blasting for her. I found a workman at the University on the Buildings and Grounds staff who had had quite a bit of experience with dynamite in the Oklahoma oil fields. I drove him out to the farm. He took one look down the well and asked to be excused.

Miss Caughey had a wonderful sense of humor and was constantly taking me up on impulsive suggestions. She told me one time that she had seen Harvard and Yale play football, but had never seen a professional baseball game. The Fayetteville Angels, at that time, were playing in the Arkansas Missouri League, so I suggested that we attend the game at the Fair Grounds that night. She said she'd be delighted. So game-time found us in the stand behind home-plate, right in the midst of a crowd of rabid fans. She was the life of the party. I can't remember the comments she made in approved baseball style but I recall what she said about the umpire.

Whenever a play was made at first base, the base umpire, who stood just behind the bag, would pivot on his right foot, wave his arm over his shoulder, and declare the runner out. Miss Caughey thought they should put somebody in his place because it was evident that he was making no attempt to catch the ball.

One of the most enjoyable evenings I ever spent with her was at a carnival that showed at the Fair Grounds. This was a big carnival, neon fronts and all, that showed in Fayetteville only because it broke a jump from the state fair at Springfield to the state fair at Muskogee. She had no acquaintance with carnivals, so insisted on seeing everything. We did the Midway, taking in every attraction except the rides. She played every game of chance, and when she lost, she'd ask the man to explain the game to her. She was so sweet and pleasant that those hardened grifters not only told her the secrets of their racket but gave her the box of candy or Sheba doll that she should have won.

We did the Motordrome, where she leaned over the upper edge with the horizontal motorcycle riders whirling round and round just 12 inches below her nose. She got a kick out of a group of performing lions — slightly moth-eaten but lions just the same. At the girl show she wanted to know if the girls were properly chaperoned, so the manager took her back to the dressing tent where she talked with the girls and their "Ma". I wasn't permitted to go along. We stayed till the carnival locked up; and when we got back to the farm, I carried in an armful of carnival prizes and souvenirs — probably more trophies than any 18-year-old co-ed had ever taken away from the Midway.

Miss Caughey's favorite newspaper was the New York Times, which she read all the years I knew her. The Times was to her the final authority on world and national affairs. When I told her that the Times was a dull, stodgy

newspaper — as I often did, to tease her — she'd tell me that a journalism prof ought not talk like that. Which, of course, he oughtn't.

She was a great reader and she had hundreds of good books in the bookcase and on the shelves. She was proud of Charles Morrow Wilson's success as an author. When Charley brought out a new book, one of the first copies would always come to Miss Caughey. She was an admirer of Richard Halliburton; and when that writer and adventurer visited Fayetteville, I took her to the University to hear his lecture. When we reached Old Main, every seat in the auditorium was filled. She showed her disappointment so plainly that I got one of the ushers to place a chair for her on the stage. So she sat in close proximity to her hero, which was probably the reason that he seemed less glamorous to her afterwards.

She liked music, and her favorite radio program was the Sunday afternoon Ford Hour with its symphony orchestra.

She loved gardens, and I think a garden club was the only club she belonged to and whose meetings she attended regularly. When I first visited the farm, I knew little or nothing about the flowers. But I soon learned to tell coreopsis from calendula, and I shared her liking for the forget-me-nots and Japanese iris that grew by the pool, the magnificent vitex bush in front of the house, the yellow old-fashioned rose in the back yard. She introduced me to the most delicately fashioned of all flowers, the Passion Flower, once Arkansas' state flower until supplanted by the apple blossom.

I remember the pleasure their first visit to the farm and their first meeting with Miss Caughey gave to Barnes and Dailey, to Mayor and Bounds, to Peninger and Beauchamp, to Gray and Tidwell, to Saunders and Brinson, and to many, many others. It was such a comforting place to go at the close of a busy day and she was such a sympathetic person to confide in when the going got rough.

I could fill pages with incidents that happened at the farm. Like the time I walked out there through the snow, tired and a bit discouraged. She listened to me a minute or two and then said, "What you need is some coffee and a bite to eat." She set the coffee pot on the coals, boiled two eggs in the fireplace, made some toast. It tasted good. "Two more eggs?" she asked, and I nodded. Then, "Two more?" So help me, I ate six eggs, six pieces of toast, and drank six cups of coffee. Then I lay back in the big chair and listened to her voice — soft, soothing — I can hear it now.

Or the time she went to the Buckner schoolhouse to register for sugar rationing. You remember the silly questions they asked — "Color of eyes?" "Why, I don't know", said Miss Caughey, "anyway, I only want sugar." The lady insisted, "Weight?" "Well," said Miss Caughey, "the last time I weighed I was 142, but that was 50 years ago."

One evening we were sitting in the living room, she on the low upholstered stool in front of the fire, I on the piano bench. She said, "Play something." I rummaged among the music and found a copy of "When I Get Too Old To Dream." I played it. She stood up and turned the wick of the lamp a little higher. She came over to the piano and began to sing. "When I get too old to dream, I'll have you to remember." I can't sing a lick,

but I tried. We sang the song several times. Then we looked at each other and laughed. We laughed about it many times after that.

Miss Caughey is sleeping in Evergreen cemetery. She's still wearing around her neck, the velvet choker with the tiny gold chain. I think of her often, and I remember

"The talk, the flowers, the fire, the brassy gleam—
Strange sweets like those lost on the lips in dream."

Sincerely W.J. Lemke

THE CONTRIBUTIONS OF WILLIAM LIGHTON TO NORTHWEST ARKANSAS

By Jonathan Neuse and Paul Jarvis

William R. Lighton, a well-known writer of his day, always knew what he wanted. Lighton wanted a home, a happy home. He wanted a fertile piece of land and the opportunity to develop it into a productive farm. For years he and his wife Laura envisioned a house, their "dream house," to be built on their farm. Living in the plain state of Nebraska, their vision of a home would cost many times what they could pay. Much time would pass before their wonderful dream could come true. The Lightons began to search out of their state of Nebraska for land. By chance, William Lighton ran across a "farms-for-sale" list sent out by a Fayetteville, AR real estate man. The ad, written in simple, blunt terms, stated that there were 120 acres 2.5 miles from town available for $2900. "Fayetteville, why Fayetteville? Why not Mars?" friends asked. The Lightons decided that a visit to Fayetteville could not hurt.

Upon arriving in Fayetteville, William and Laura Lighton checked into the Washington Hotel, then located on the Fayetteville square where the old Woolworth building stands. Viewing the Ozark mountains from their rooms the Lightons "fell in love with the land." The following day, they drove out to the farm. They had not been on the farm long before they realized that they had found their home. They returned to Nebraska for their belongings and soon the Lighton family was starting a new life on the "Happy Hollow Farm."

While their home was being built, the family of William, Laura, and their children Bud, Dorothy, and Peggy Sue (later Betty) lived in a tent. Eventually they sought shelter from the rain in an old deserted cabin which proved little better than the tent. During one downpour, as the family sat in the cabin with umbrellas to protect themselves from a multitude of leaks, little Peggy Sue remarked, "Well, we may get washed down the creek, but we'll go together!" Later they lived in a newly built chicken house (which was much better than the permanent homes of many neighbors.) Then they lived in the garage of their unfinished house where newspapers were used to

keep their feet warm on the cold cement floor.

Finally, the Lightons moved into the house which they had envisioned for so many years. The house proved not as expensive as originally expected. The stone that hindered many farmers of the area and wood from the farm and a nearby sawmill provided a major portion of the building materials. All in all, the house cost a fraction of what it would have cost in Nebraska, and it was everything for which the Lightons had hoped.

The farmland itself was in poor shape when the Lightons arrived. It seems the poor farming habits of tenant farmers over a period of fifty years had turned a good farm into one of minimal subsistence level. William Lighton's patience proved a valuable asset as he realized it would take several years to return the farm to its original state. He started by clearing the land, removing many tree stumps and a large amount of brush that stood in the way of good farmland. His next task was to replenish the soil, void of any richness after half a century of tenant farming, by choosing the proper mixture or balance of crops and livestock. Though not a farmer by trade, William Lighton was well read on the subject and knew exactly how his farm should be run. All involved his idea or organic farming, which seemed most bizarre to people in Northwest Arkansas at the time. He planned to raise a small crop harvest for his livestock which in turn would fertilize the land and eventually be sold for profit. The farm would also include a large garden to feed the family. For William Lighton this type of farming was an experiment. Though writing remained his livelihood, Lighton wanted to prove to himself that this way of farming worked thus, perhaps, set an example for others.

Within a year of their arrival, the Lightons' lives were well established in their home. William Lighton continued writing fervently and saw to the literary education of his children. By the age of seven, his youngest child, Betty, had already been exposed to the works of Twain, Kipling, and Elliot. The older children walked several miles to attend Fayetteville High School. During leisure time, the Lighton children entertained themselves with a variety of games, and the girls enjoyed tea parties, a swing, and a playhouse. The farm itself offered an innumerable number of activities. There was always one more tree to climb, one more creek to dam, or one more grove to explore. The children, like children of today, found endless enjoyment in the many animals that occupied the farm.

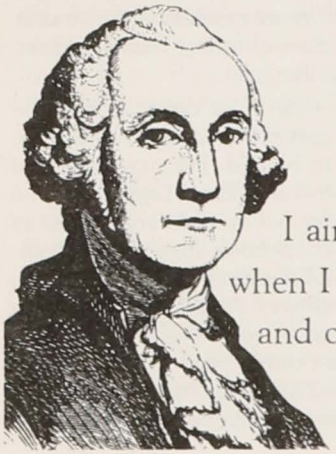
The Lightons were constantly entertaining visitors. One day they welcomed one of William's publishing friends. Upon seeing the beauty of the farm, the publisher realized that there was a story to be told. He suggested that William write the story of his farm. The result was William Lighton's "The Story of an Arkansas Farm", published in the *Saturday Evening Post* in 1910. In 1914, William Lighton published an entire book about the farm entitled *The Happy Hollow Farm*. The wonderful descriptions of the beauty, abundance, and affordability of the land in Northwest Arkansas resulted in a flood of people entering the Fayetteville area in search of new homes. William Lighton had started a back to the land movement.

People arrived in Fayetteville by the trainload and were met at the station by real estate agents. Some of the people came to Fayetteville for financial

reasons, some came for the beauty of the land, but many came just to see the beautiful farm they had read about in Lighton's stories. The Lightons were flooded with visitors. Eventually, they could not sit down for Sunday dinner without someone dropping in. Throughout this period, the Lightons remained hospitable hosts, showing the visitors their home, often inviting them to lunch or dinner. One group of visitors pitched a tent on the Lightons' front lawn and spent the night. Another group included a rather large woman who, exhausted by the long walk up the mountain, collapsed on the living room floor.

World War I changed history and it changed the Lightons' lives as well. During this time, the public's literary interest shifted from stories of peaceful farms to stories of war and war heroes. William Lighton could not make this change in his writing, so the demand for his stories disappeared. The Lightons sold their farm to the Methodist Assembly and moved to California where William and his son made movies about his most famous (literary) character Billy Fortune. Soon after, Laura and the girls returned to Fayetteville. William remained in California, always planning to return to Fayetteville, the place he called home. William Lighton died in 1923, without ever returning "home".

Today one might walk through Fayetteville and not realize what William Lighton did for the town. The house that the Lightons built still stands. Nearby there is an elementary school bearing the farm's name, Happy Hollow. But more important than a house or the name of a school, William Lighton left the legacy of the people he attracted to this area. William's daughter, Betty, still lives in Fayetteville. One might think of her as an original "back to the lander." Though born in this part of the country, she is here because of William Lighton's love for the place. You might not meet anyone who came here because he read William Lighton's articles or books, but you could meet his children or grandchildren. Who knows? Maybe your grandfather came here because he read a story by William Lighton. Who knows? The person who asks "William who?" may owe his life in Fayetteville to William Lighton and his back to the land movement.



I ain't cherry picking
when I say *Flashback* needs manuscripts
and contributions from our readers.

Would I lie to you?

QUERIES

Mrs. Imogene Hardage, 517 North Broadway, Holdenville, OK 74848: I am looking for the family of Miles and Julia GRAY. I need the marriage of Miles and Julia, supposedly in Fayetteville, Washington County. Miles served in the Confederate Army and died, supposedly in Cincinnati, Arkansas (Washington County), but can't find this either. Julia's father, Jerry JONES, also died in Washington County although I do not find anything on him. Need tax record, land record, or anything that proves he was there, as well as his death record. I am still searching in Georgia for his marriage to Julia's mother. They have Julia in Walker County, GA 1853. Miles died in Cincinnati (Washington County, AR) July 10, 1892. Possible sister to Julia is Lillie.

Also need information on William TERRY who married Barbara ENNES (ENNIS). Their daughter Nancy (Terry) HARP, born Gibson County, IN, married William T. Harp ca 1837 in Washington County, AR, died 1906, Allen, Ponotoc County, OK. I need death, birth places of William T. Harp, and his family previous to marrying Nancy. Nancy and William had a daughter, Angeline, who married John M. BOYD. I am also trying to find family of John M. Boyd. Nancy's sister Mary Ellen married Robert Boyd, his brother. They are also located in Madison County for the births of some of the Harp children. Only thing known on the Boyds is that Essie (VOYLES) Boyd was the mother of John Madison Boyd who was born February 6, 1860. Need marriage date of John Madison Boyd and Angeline Narcissis Melinda Harp.

Mrs. Sherman Miller, 1490 Fremont Avenue, Los Altos, CA 94022. Need information about Eliza Ann Hines (HINDS), born TN ca 1811, married John KENDRICK, born AL. For Mayflower Society I need to know is she daughter of Benjamin Hines named Elizabeth? Need help with John Kendrick: birthdate, place, f. Martin? In AR by 1840. Mormon archieves give conflicting dates and places. My grandmother, daughter of Eliza Ann Hines and John Kendrick, Mary Jane Kendrick PHELAN, b. 1836, Springdale, AR told her family she was a "cousin" of Priscilla Mullins Alden.

Verna Fuller, 11021 N.W. 114, Yukon, OK 73099. Would like to have information on Mrs. Dessie Smith who lived in Summers, AR in 1929. I am researching Cornelia Fuller Rhea, born 30 September 1847, TN; died 17 August 1929 at Summers, Washington County, AR. Informant on Cornelia Fuller Rheas' death certificate was Mrs. Dessie Smith, who might be a daughter of hers.

Murriel Smart, 4081 Sandoval, Carlsbad, NM 88220. Will exchange information on (1) Robert and Margaret (MHOON/MOON) FLETCHER.

Robert, son of Robert and Mary (WILSON) Fletcher, born ca 1833, lived in AR and TX. (2) Stark Mhoon (Moon), born ca 1809/11 in SC, married sisters - 1. Mathenia and 2. Sarah Mullen. Stark died in 1888 in MO. Had eight children by first wife four by second wife. Who were Stark's parents? (See below)

Thelma Curtis, Route 6, Box 305, Fayetteville, AR 72703. Stark and Mathenia (MULLEN) MHOON were born in North Carolina and married in eastern Tennessee. They located in Washington County, AR in 1836. They were one of the first families who settled on Round Mountain, a few miles east of Fayetteville, where they followed the occupation of farming. Stark Mhoon was part Cherokee Indian (it is thought he was at least one-half, but this is not documented). Their children were: James E., Margaret (FLETCHER), Sarah Elizabeth (BLEDSOE), John Thomas, William Green, Martha T., Wilson R., and Mary Jane (KEELE). Mathenia died and Stark married her sister Sarah in Washington County, AR on 11 May 1847. To this union were born four children: Marquis Lafayette, John, Roena (JENKINS), and Robert G. Sarah died in Washington County, ca 1881-82. Stark died in Newton County, MO May 11, 1888.

Sarah Elizabeth Mhoon married 10 March 1853 at age 16 to James Bledsoe, age 25. James Bledsoe came from Tennessee. Nothing more is known about his family. To this union were born: Surfronia (HOWARD), William Augusta, Margaret Emiline (WILLIAMS-HOWARD), Thomas Hulosus, James Washington, Mary Frances (FERGUSON), Sarah Ann (CROW), Arnettie Dee (CURRY), Marrie Roenner (Crow), Addie Elizabeth (MAGUIRE), and Emly Hanner.

Sarah Elizabeth died 23 May, 1911. James Bledsoe drowned 22 March 1890. Both are buried at Round Mountain Cemetery, Washington County, AR. Mary Frances (Molly) Bledsoe born 3 January, 1864, married at age 20 to Robert Francis Ferguson, age 21, on 7 February, 1884, Washington County, AR. (See "Robert Francis Ferguson" FLASHBACK, February 1986.) I am very interested in contacting any descendants of this family.

Shirley Cannon, 1433 Lakeshore Drive, Hot Springs, AR 71913 is interested in tracing the surname MANKIN. Is also working on the surnames SHEWMAKE/SHOEMAKE and SLOPMAN. If any readers are working on any of these surnames I would be most interested in exchanging information.

1986 marks the 35th anniversary
of Washington County Historical Society.
Started 2/18/51,
your Society is the oldest in Arkansas.

L. to R., Mary Jane Bellew Cate, Mary Ellen Boyd Ivey, Mary Elizabeth Ball Warren, and Mary Louise Rody Lower

FOUR LADIES OF OAKLAND

by Lloyd O. Warren

The second Sunday of May has long been observed as a special day in which to honor the Mothers of our country. In the community of Oakland, about six miles northeast of Fayetteville, May, 1948, the eldest mothers of the Oakland Missionary Baptist Church congregation were given recognition for their long lives and for their service to the church and community. the aggregate age of the four honorees was 321 years. A brief biographical sketch of the four ladies, all widows at the time of the service, follows.

Mary Jane Bellew Cate was born at Rockford, Tn. November 29, 1869. Mary Jane married Lee Albert Cate at Rockford, January 1889. A daughter, Nannie Bell Cate Routh was born to them in Tennessee. The family moved to the Northwest Arkansas area in the early 1890's where they settled in the Oakland-Zion community. Three other children, Anna May Cate Plumlee, Vivian Lucille Cate Brown, and Harold Albert were born at Fayetteville, AR. Descendants of Mary Jane live in the Springdale, AR. area.

Mary Ellen Boyd Ivey was born near Goshen, AR, August 18, 1868. Her father, Tom Boyd, was a baptist preacher and a practicing veterinarian. Mary Ellen married John Ivey when she was twenty years of age in 1908. She was the mother of seven children, Garland, Gertrude Ivey Graue, Charlotte Ivey Couch, Golden, Geraldine Ivey Graham, Fred and Gladys Ivey Mathias. Several descendants of Mary Ellen still live in the Washington-Benton County area, including the Oakland-Zion community.

Mary Elizabeth Ball Warren was born in Greene County, KY, May 14, 1863. Her father, James Ball, disappeared during the Civil War. She and a brother, Cornelius, were reared by her grandparents, James and Elizabeth Roberts. Mary Beth, as she was called, married John Jazar Warren, March 30, 1881, in Green County, KY. She was the mother of eight children, Mary E. Warren Mahan, John, Lee, James, Stephen, Elliott, Benjamin and Fred. Mary Beth and her husband and the four eldest children moved to Texas in 1887, making the 1200 mile trip in a covered wagon. After a year they moved to Madison County, AR, where they lived seven years, before returning to Texas for another five years. In 1901 they moved back to Arkansas, settling in the Oakland community where descendants still live on portions of the original family home.

Mary Louise Rody Lower was born at Akron, OH, April 28, 1871. She was married to Henry W. Lower, at Marceline, MO., May 5, 1892. The couple moved to the Son's Chapel community in 1905 where they remained for the rest of their lives. Mary Louise was the mother of six children, Daisy Lower Bryant, Henry, Harry, Clarence, Tillie Lower Slaughter, and Carl. Clarence and family still live on the farmstead owned by his parents.

During their combined lives of 338 years, the four matriarchs experienced many hardships and witnessed many technological changes, yet were able to always maintain a positive attitude that endeared them to their children, grandchildren and friends. Three, Mrs. Cate, Mrs. Ivey, and Mrs. Warren, are buried in the Oakland Cemetery, while Mrs. Lower was interred in the Son's Chapel Cemetery.

DECORATION DAY - 1906

by Virgil Talbot, The Goingsnake Messenger, Editor.

The following item, copied from *The Cherokee Hummer*, Kansas, I.T. (Indian Territory), June 8, 1906, serves as a reminder that Memorial Day, or Decoration Day as we call it, was once a day primarily honoring the Civil War dead. In 1868, Union General John Alexander Logan, ordered that May 30th be observed for the purpose of decorating the graves of the Civil War dead. Logan, congressman, soldier and Vice-Presidential candidate with James G. Blaine, was also founder of the Grand Army of the Republic.

Rev. J.W. Lane, speaker at the 1906 observance, was a moving force in the Arkansas G.A.R. He came to Northwest Arkansas by covered wagon from Illinois to assist in the operation of the Arkansas Conference Methodist College at Siloam Springs. He was the first financial agent for the college and succeeded in obtaining its charter. Also, he was pastor of the M.E. Church in Siloam Springs.

May 30, A Big Day

POPULAR DEMONSTRATION AT FAYETTEVILLE

Fayetteville, Ark. May 31 (1906)

Early Decoration Morning the people were on the move and by 10 o'clock the streets about the square were crowded with people.

Under the direction of the Marshall all proceeded to the National Cemetery. This is a most beautiful place, made so by nature, assisted by man, and must be seen to be appreciated. It was established that 11,000 people entered the beautifully decorated gates.

At the grandstand in the center of the grounds the band played many patriotic and appropriate arias.

After an elaborate introduction by the master of ceremonies, Rev. J.W. Lane of Siloam Springs, Departmental Commander of the G.A.R. made the address of the day, capturing the attention, commendation and applause of the vast assembly.

Many old soldiers, some of whom had worn the gray, freely remarked that the real truth had been spoken in an effective way by Comrade Lane as they had never heard it before, and many vowed anew their love for country and flag.

The speaker will be in demand in this part of the state hereafter.

In the afternoon, the Association of Old Soldiers of Northwest Arkansas and Southwest Missouri, held a meeting and decided to hold the Summer reunion at Fayetteville. A notice of which will be given later by the Committee on arrangements.

The National Cemetery in Fayetteville was established in 1867 and over 1900 Federal soldiers slain at Pea Ridge, Prairie Grove and Fayetteville, were buried there. Most of these men were from Wisconsin, Illinois and Indiana. On Mt. Sequoyah are buried some 700 slain Confederate soldiers. The Grand Army of the Republic, Travis Post No. 19 was organized August 23, 1884 in Fayetteville with E.B. Harrison, selected as commander. By 1889 the membership was down to 39 and some thirty years later it ceased to function as a post and the group's flag was turned over to the Warren Key Camp of the Spanish American veterans. The United Confederate Veterans organized the Pat Cleburne Camp No. 216 in 1898 with Captain J.T. Eason as Commander. Like the G.A.R., the ranks of the Confederate Veterans were thinned by death and in the words of William S. Campbell, "years have written much on the scroll, and the parades get shorter and shorter."

The list of America's fallen heroes has grown many times over the years, but the crowds get smaller as the majority of Americans observe Memorial Day by engaging in their own deadly form of combat on the nation's highways on this first holiday in the Spring. But one thing remains unchanged: The beauty and quiet solitude one enjoys and the reverance one feels on visiting these hallowed grounds.

"...upon close inspection family trees often turn out to be a good deal shadier than expected."

The Carving of Mt. Rushmore by Rex Alan Smith

David McKay Greer standing beside his mother, Mary McKay Greer, as she holds his brother Lewis. Photo taken in Whangarie, N. Z., 1910.

David's Father, Dane Manson Greer, with companion. Photo taken in Dalton, GA ca 1886

THERE AND BACK AGAIN

by David M. Greer

Here again are a series of vignettes about a boy's adventures in northwest Arkansas before the first World War. FLASHBACK's editor has heard many favorable comments about the first group of stories, and is most happy to run a follow-up.

THE SPRINGHOUSE

At Grandfather's house in Fort Smith there was — on the back porch — an ice-box; built somewhat like a modern refrigerator. But it was made of wood with a big chamber on one side to take a 50 or 100-pound block of ice, balanced on the other side with shelves for food storage. As soon as a meal was over, Grandmother would take all perishable leftovers to the ice-box, just as we use the refrigerator today. Underneath the ice-box was a drip pan, which had to be emptied every day. You just threw the water out in the back yard. Good for the grass.

On the farm we had no ice-box. When a meal was finished, we put the table scraps in the slop-bucket for the hogs, leaving on the table any left-overs for the next meal. Those were covered with a tablecloth to keep the flies off, and any perishables went to the springhouse. It made a difference in the amounts Mother cooked. Generally she supplied only what could be eaten in one day instead of larger quantities for future consumption. Unless,

of course, there was something special, like a custard pie, or a roast turkey.

The springhouse was a little building of unpainted wood, down the hill and across the road, built right up against the bluff where the spring emerged. It had a door, but no lock. Nobody would bother anything in there, except maybe the Gypsies when they came by, and that was only once every two or three years. The water was channelled right through the springhouse — in under the wall on the bluff side, out under the opposite wall, and down to the creek, about thirty feet away, through the watercress bed. The area within the springhouse was small — I guess, about eight by ten feet. There was a wooden walk, about six inches above water level, which ran straight from the door to the back wall. Under the water, about four inches deep, was the level floor of clean brown and white gravel.

The springwater was always cold (about 54 degrees Fahrenheit, I know now), just right for keeping milk from souring, or butter from getting soft. We kept the milk, butter, and other perishables in stoneware crocks with covers, or sometimes in one-gallon syrup buckets, weighted with stones on top to keep them from floating.

On a nail outside the door hung a long-handled tin dipper, a gracious invitation to a thirsty traveler (or a small boy) to help himself to a drink of cold refreshing water.

You would think that the inside of the springhouse would have little attraction for two small boys. It was cold in there, and dusky, even with the door open except where sunlight filtered through the cracks between the boards sending yellow streaks across the gravel floor. But we discovered that it was another world. First we had to watch out for wasps' nests. We kept the place clear of these. There were big long-legged spiders now and again, on the walls. They were harmless. We ignored them. Once there was a little brown bat hanging from the rooftree. I suppose he got in through a knothole.

But, down in the clear water, there was much to see. On the surface were water-skaters, a long-legged spider-like creature that ran swiftly over the surface, his feet dimpling the surface but never breaking it. Down below, little black water beetles, very fast and very elusive. Beyond these, if you wanted to see the residents, you had to hunt for them. Begin by lifting up the stoneware crocks and the syrup buckets. Beneath nearly every one there would be a crawdad. Fishbait? No, usually too small. Now and then a tiny brown newt, a novelty to be played with and then released. If you watched closely enough, you would see a piece of gravel move on the bottom. Look closely. It is mottled, brown, but gravel doesn't have fins and a tail. It proved to be a little bottom fish — never over three inches long — and it was shaped just like a catfish: wide head, tapering body without scales; with no "whiskers." We never did find out what kind of a fish it was. It didn't grow big enough to eat, so grown-ups hadn't even named it. Lewis and I discussed it, and decided it was a "chub," from a fish mentioned in Ernest Thompson Seton's book "Two Little Savages." It was a handy solution, because the book never did tell just what the chub looked like. Nobody disputed us.

With all this life in the springwater, did anyone think it suspect for drink-

ing? Not at all. Nor do we nowadays. You see springwater for sale all over the country, indeed all over the world. You have read of the blind fish and other creatures of perpetual cold and darkness that have evolved to live in underground streams, but you never think of them in connection with your 5-gallon jug of springwater. Why should you? They don't hurt it a bit. That's more than I can say for people.

Just the other day I was telling a biologist friend at the University about our "chub," and he said, "Oh yes — it was a cholegaster, or spring fish — a relative of the blind fish that live in Ozarks caves."

THE ORCHARD — SPRAYING TIME

I remember two times in the year when the apple trees had to be sprayed. There may have been more. If so, I can't remember them. The first time was the dormant spray, I believe, in February. The other occasion was when the flower buds were about to open in the spring.

The dormant spray was, I think, for the San Jose scale, an insect that produced a blemish on the ripe apple and lowered its marketability. As I remember, this spray was of a stinking lime-sulfur mixture, disagreeable, but not poisonous to people. The other spray it seems to me was lead arsenate. I don't know why the workers with it were not poisoned.

The spraying machine was a round-bottomed, flat-topped wooden tank, on four wheels drawn by two mules. The contraption had a propellor-like agitator to keep the mix uniform, and a pump serving two spray nozzles on long poles. Agitator and pump were driven by a hit-and-miss gasoline engine. This type of engine is long gone. In those days its sound — pop pop pop phut phut phut pop pop — could be heard throughout the land. It powered spraying machines, small sawmills, pumped water, operated hay balers, and, generally, took over stationary operations that had been performed by two horses, such as sorghum mills, or cider presses. The hit-and-miss engine had no spark plug, but instead a rod that slid back and forth within the cylinder, contacting an electrode therein, making a spark when it withdrew and broke the connection. There was no battery, but a magneto with heavy permanent magnets (like those in our telephone, which generated the current to ring "central" when we turned the crank). The hit-and-miss motor had no throttle to set its speed. Instead, it had a governor, somewhat like that used on a steam engine, which cut off the fuel supply and, I suppose, opened exhaust and intake valves when it got up to speed. It had a heavy flywheel, which kept the machine working until it had slowed down a little. Then the governor came into play and opened the fuel supply, the phut phut phut stopped and the pop pop began again. One thing I'm sure it didn't have was a muffler. I remember the racket as being deafening.

Dad and the hired man handled the spray nozzles on their long poles. My job was to sit on a wagon seat on top of the tank, drive the mules, moving on to the next tree whenever one was finished. It was an easy job for the mules, and for a small boy as well. But once it almost ended in disaster! I let the reins fall into the tank behind me. They were caught by the agitator and started to wind up on the shaft. For a few seconds it looked as though the

mules were going to be pulled over backwards, until Dad got to the motor and shut it off.

One hazard in spraying was something you might not think of; wasps' nests. Black wasps seemed to like to make their nests in apple trees. Sometimes a nest, high in the upper branches, would be five or six inches across, and covered with dozens of wasps. One hired man had a way of handling this situation. Early in the morning, while the wasps were still sluggish from the night's cold, he would build a little fire of dried grass and twigs near the tree. Then he would, ever so carefully, set up a ladder into the tree, close enough that he could reach the nest. Next he'd go up very gently, rub his hand in a sweaty, stinky armpit, reach that hand out and pluck the wasps' nest free of its twig. At last he'd gingerly descend to drop the nest, wasps on it, into the fire. We never had but one helper who could do that. There was an extra hand named Charlie, who tried it once, but he just wasn't stinky enough. He was mighty fast coming down that ladder though!

CAREY AND THE BUMBLEBEES

Carey was the son of some family friends in Fort Smith. I don't know how old he was — I was seven, and he was a grown man to me; maybe 17 or 18 years of age. For some reason unknown to me, Carey's parents decided that what Carey needed was a summer on a farm.

So we met him at Summers, where the Frisco stopped, and brought him home in the wagon. We fixed him a tent in the yard with a folding cot.

We took him to the barn and set him to milking a cow — golly, he was awkward! And the next day Dad started him on his career as a farmer.

Dad asked "Carey, can you manage a team?"

Carey said "Sure. I have been driving since I was a kid." So Dad hitched the two gentlest mules to the mowing machine, and started him cutting hay in the red clovery field just east of the house. He started off just great. Maybe he would have made a farmer if he hadn't run over the bumblebee's nest.

Now bumblebees have shallow nests in the ground, and they don't like to be bothered. As soon as the mowing machine passed over, they came boiling out of the nest and stung Carey, who ran west, and the mules, who ran east for a while. You should have seen the path they cut through that hayfield; but two mules without a driver aren't going to run very far with a mowing machine, and besides, two mules couldn't possible agree for very long on which way to run.

Anyway, Dad caught up with Carey somewhere in the cow pasture, and persuaded him to come back as far as the house. Mother and Grandmother put baking soda poultices on his stings. (Pink Hicks, the hired man, said slippery ellum would have been better, but his helper Charlie said no, what was needed was a good cud of well-chawed terbacker.) We took Carey to the depot at Summers the next morning. He would have left the night before if there had been a passenger train to Fort Smith. Dad dissuaded him from trying to hop a freight.

Carey said goodbye, and he didn't know why anybody ever liked farming. I heard later that he grew up and became a lawyer, which I guess is

safer. I had thought he was already grown.

Next day, Pink came to the house in the morning and said "You boys come with me. You ain't too young to learn what to do about bumblebees".

He took a gallon stoneware jug — he called it a whisky jug — filled it about one-third full of water, and set it carefully by the hole where the bumblebees lived. Then he took Lewis and me a little way off, and said "now you boys lie down flat and don't move. Iff'n you stay flat and real still, they won't bother you". And then he took a beanpole and poked it right down that hole, then he flopped flat on the ground. The bumblebees came boiling out again.

And just as he told us, they ignored our prone bodies, and cruised all over the neighborhood, two or three feet above the ground and fighting mad.

Not finding anyone to sting, pretty soon they went home. When they got there darned if every one of them didn't fly right down the neck of that jug, and was drowned. Pink said they heard the echo from the hollow of the jug, and thought it was home. I don't know how he knew.

Dad was much taken with the trick, and tried it on the next wasps' nest he found. Don't ever try it on wasps. It doesn't work.

LIGHTNING RODS AND STORM CELLARS

Tornados were a legend in our area. They were not a common event; I never saw one as a child, but they were more frequent there than in most parts of the country. I knew where there were several old tornado traces — crooked swaths of fallen and tangled trees where tornados had crossed woodlands or orchards. Everyone was aware of the danger, and everyone watched — toward the southwest, as the U.S. Department of Agriculture bulletin instructed us — when the stormclouds rolled in low and black, laced with lightning and heralded by muttering thunder. Most farmhouses had shelters — storm cellars, so called, although they were not cellars attached to the houses. A storm cellar was dug into sloping ground (in the Ozarks we had plenty of that), walled with stone, roofed with rough oak, covered over with the earth that had been taken out of the excavation, and fitted with a stout door of oak lumber.

The cave-like little room was big enough for the family, the dogs, and the cats, too, if they deigned to come in. The rest of the animals, the house, and the barn would have to take their chances.

The storm cellar had another function. It was also the root cellar: bins for potatoes, sweet potatoes, turnips, apples; a keg for vinegar (one winter the cider didn't turn, and we had sweet cider to drink all winter); and a 5-gallon stoneware crock for sauerkraut. The storm cellar was always cool in the summer time, and never down to freezing in winter. It was good place to keep canned fruit and vegetables, on shelves ranged around sides and back. We made good use of the storm cellar for food storage, but never had to use it as a refuge.

The other danger, of which everyone was aware, was lightning. Of course, it accompanied nearly every rainstorm, and occasionally struck from a low black cloud when there was no wind with only a gentle rain. Lewis and

I knew where there were trees split wide open by lightning bolts, and others with the bark ripped off in a strip a foot wide and thirty feet high. We knew well its power. We had heard of houses being struck and burned, but we were not afraid. Our house, like most in the countryside, had lightning rods; not, we were taught in school, to attract a lightning stroke, but to prevent it by creating a "brush discharge" from its sharp tip before the cloud voltage built up enough to arc across the gap between cloud and rooftop. There was a lightning rod on each wing of our single-story, L-shaped house.

A lightning rod was supposed, in those days, to be pretty as well as functional, so the upper part of it was of wrought iron, with a trefoil or some other ornamental pattern, and with one or two colored glass balls between its roof support and its tip. I remember a little neighbor girl — whose house evidently didn't have lightning rods — crying out in amazement, "Miz Greer, where'd youuns git all them playpurties up on your roof?"

As I said, our house had lightning rods. But, our barn didn't. I never thought of it until it happened. About five o'clock one November morning I was awakened by a clap of thunder, then heard Grandmother screaming, "Dane! The barn is on fire!" We all rushed out into the light rain, to see first a red glow, then a burst of flame from the hayloft. One of the horses was lying still just out of the open stable door. We could see the others milling around back in the stables. Dad grabbed a jacket, ran into the first stable, threw the jacket over a mare's head, and led her out by the forelock. Then he repeated the operation for the other mares and Toby, the mule colt. By the time he had done this, the fire had spread too far to allow him to enter the barn again. There was nothing left to do but watch it burn. There were sparks sprinkling down on the horse lying by the stable door. He hadn't moved, not even to twitch off the sparks. The rain was still falling lightly, and although sparks fountained from the hayloft scattered down onto the house, the roof was wet, so the house was safe.

'Round seven o'clock Elmo, the hired man, came sauntering up the driveway, to ask Dad, "Lightning?" Dad said "Yep." Elmo questioned, "How much hay, d'you reckon?" Dad replied "About twenty tons." Elmo stated, "I'll go see if we can git some at Summers", Dad agreed, "See what you can do."

He went back inside and watched through the wet windows. The interior of the barn burned out, and the walls fell outward, covering the dead horse. The whole heap of ashes and coals glowed and smoked until the next day. When the embers had cooled enough, Elmo borrowed some harness and trace-chains from John Dock Thurman (all of our gear had been in the stables), hitched the mules onto the dead horse, and dragged him down the lane to the pasture for burial. I never knew how Elmo and Dad dug a big enough hole. I suspected that they dumped him into a pothole gulley, then collapsed the banks on him.

Dad never had much to say about the fire — not to us boys. I'm sure he and Mother talked it over at length. I've always thought that it was probably one of the deciding factors in our leaving the farm and moving to town a few years later.

MILKING TIME

We were milking six cows. Dad milked four, Lewis one, and I, one. We escorted them into the row of stalls where each one had her own stanchion, buckled each one into position where she could eat the hay already forked down from hayloft to manger and washed each udder with warm water. Then we — and the cows — were ready for milking. Let me tell you about it.

You settle yourself on a three-legged milking stool on the cow's right side (wrong side, she would kick you), with the big bucket on the ground between your feet, and go to work. Grasp a teat with each hand, squeeze with the top part of the hand (thumb and forefinger), closing the passage so that milk cannot flow back up into the udder; then squeeze down with the rest of the hand, sending a warm and fragrant stream down into the bucket. First right hand, then left; right, then left; slowly the bucket fills. That is, slowly if you are a small boy. If there is more than one bucket-full to come, then set the first aside before it becomes too full; but be careful where you set it. Not too far from your feet — you have to be able to swat the cats if they get too eager. If you are milking without a stanchion, do not put it on the same side of you as the cow's head. I have had a cow turn her head and drink the first bucketfull of milk while I was working on the second. (This is a form of recycling?) But not too far away on the other side, or she can knock the bucket over with a swish of her tail — inadvertently, of course, she was really aiming at the cow-fly biting her flank.

As for the cats, they have learned what to do: they line up on your right and an expectant look. Before you finish, while you are stripping the near-empty teats, aim one at a cat's face and let fly. She will sit there, eyes shut and mouth open, with the most ecstatic expression on her face while the warm milk goes down her throat. Two squirts, then do the other cat. You leave off and they will go away to a quiet place to lick the surplus milk off their chests and bellies, go to sleep purring happily.

Now what do we do with all that milk — six cows, remember? Well, we sell the cream, and feed the skim milk to the calves, (we stole it from them in the first place, you know.) So, into the screened porch, to run the milk through the DeVilbis cream separator. Dad turns the big crank, letting us boys each take a few turns now and again.

Next, one of us takes the cream, in one-gallon syrup buckets, down to the spring house, and Dad and the other son take the skim milk out to the calves who by now are standing at the fence bawling their heads off. This is a task quickly completed unless there is a calf who has not yet learned to drink from a bucket. In which case, the contest begins.

Remember how a calf ordinarily gets its breakfast, it stands beside its mother, tilts its head **up,**grasps a teat, and sucks. This is instinct. It does not have to be taught. If the milk does not come down fast enough, the calf gives mama an urgent upward butt with its head.

But you want the little guy to stand in front of you, put its head **down,** suck, with no butting. Being contrary to all instinct, it does have to be taught.

So you stand by the calf's side and put your left arm around his neck. You set the bucket in front of you (but don't let him put his foot into it), dip your right hand in the milk, then quickly stick your fingers into his mouth — and, tasting the milk, he will start to suck. But — wait, this is the wrong position. He turns his head **up,** the little bit of milk on your fingers gives out, and instinct tells him to butt, upward — where there is no mama to respond. Things get a little disorganized at this point. This is a good time (1) not to let him knock the bucket over, (2) not to let him get away, (3) not to let him put his foot — or maybe both feet — in the bucket.

So wrestle his head down to the bucket. He smells the milk, enthusiastically dips his muzzle in it, takes a good deep breath of milk, and snorts.

A calf has quite a bit of lung capacity. Envision that snort, from a submerged muzzle.

In the confusion, the bucket gets knocked over. If you have done this exercise before, you have another bucket of milk handy to start all over again.

By the third trial he will be drinking a little milk between snorts. By the time the bucket is empty and the calf full, it is supper time. Mother won't let you come to the table in this condition. Shuck off your milk-soaked overalls and shirt, throw them into the big black wash-boiler in the back yard, put on clean ones, and go in to supper of cornbread, buttermilk, black-eyed peas, turnips, and hopefully, apple pie. A good ending to a good day.

Postscript — After the third practice session, the calf will be drinking from the bucket and thinking he has been doing it all his life. Well, he has. Almost.

ROCKING THE DOOR

When I read about a juvenile delinquent, I tend to get testy. The young owe everything to us oldsters — the streets they drive on, the cars they wreck, the water they drink; even their very existence. What excuse can they have for inconsiderate, anti-social behavior, in the light of all this largesse?

But, then I get to remembering. Sometimes when you're young, what appears to some people as outrageous doesn't seem that way to you at all. In fact, it doesn't seem *any* way to you at all; you just don't characterize it; it's just a part of things as they are, and the same things won't necessarily be the same in tomorrow's setting.

One day when I was fourteen I was walking home from school in Bentonville and as I passed Dr. Will Pickens' house, I heard an interesting thump-bang from the back of the house. I turned into the driveway, and there was Jim Pickens - a couple of years younger than I was - with a china doorknob in his hand. I said, "Whatcha doin' Jim?" He replied "Just throwing this at the garage door. Look!" He threw the knob right through one of the panels.

This was not a modern overhead garage door, such as we have today. It was a double door, opening in the middle, hinged at the sides, strongly framed, and with half containing four wooden panels, about a half-inch thick. Jim must have had quite a pitching arm to throw that doorknob right through the panel. But then he had done some preliminary work; I had

heard the thumps. Maybe that helped. It posed an interesting problem.

I asked, "Could I try?" He offered the doorknob. It was the perfect donick. You know about beanicks and donicks? They were two classes of throwing rocking to boys my age. I forget which was the bigger, but I remember the feel of that missile in my hand. It fit. It was, indeed, the perfect donick.

I threw and made a crack in the next panel. Jim threw and knocked a corner out of his panel. I threw and made a hole in mine. It must have been an old door. Neither of us had ever been good at baseball — especially not at pitching.

We did a fine job. It took us only about 40 minutes, and those panels were out clean as a whistle. I went home feeling good with a glow of accomplishment.

After supper that night, the phone rang. Dad answered, listened a while, said, "Well, I'll be darned" and hung up. Then he called me in and said, "David, would you mind telling me what you and Jim Pickens had in mind when you destroyed that garage door this afternoon?"

I opened my mouth to answer him, and I couldn't. I hadn't had anything in mind. I couldn't remember that I had even had a mind. The word "destroyed" appalled me. It didn't fit into the context of the afternoon's activities at all. We weren't destroying; we were just having fun.

I wonder if Jim had anything in mind.

Do you hear me, Dr. Jim Pickens of Rogers?

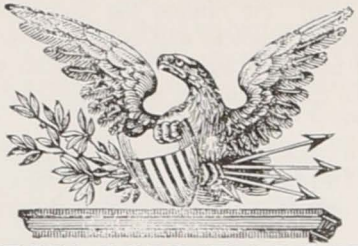
SCALPING

Virgil Talbot, Editor Goingsnake Messenger

Scalping became popular in North America only because white men encouraged it. The picture of the bloodthirsty Indian savage holding up a dripping scalp of a foe is all wrong. It just was not a native practice. Scalping began when the Dutch colonists offered cash for scalps of hostile tribesmen they wanted cleared out of the New York and New Jersey area. The Dutch went to friendly Indians and offered them money if they would kill enemy Indians, payment to be made upon receipt of scalps of the deceased. Since the stone cutting tools of the tribes did not lend themselves well to slicing skin, white colonists gave cooperative natives sharp steel knives to carry out the ancient Scythian practice.

The bounty system was adopted by all the white colonists. In 1703, Massachusetts paid Indians a $60 bounty for every scalp delivered. Pennsylvania offered $134 for every male Indian scalp but only $50 for that of a female. The scalp of a Delaware Indian Chief, Shingas, earned its taker 40 times the going price. As late as 1866, one Arizona county was paying $250 a scalp.

Indians scalping other Indians for money became commonplace in America. The Navahos were among the few tribes who refused to participate in the game. Incidently, scalping did not have to be fatal. Some Plains Indians scalped live captives and frequently sent their mutilated prisoners back to their families as a warning.



WASHINGTON COUNTY POST OFFICES

From Post Office Records by Russell P. Baker

NAME	EST.	DISC.	LOCATION	COMMENTS
Ada	1857	1867	7-15N-31W	
Albia	1871	1873	23-13N-30W	
Aquilla	1884	1887	27-17N-29W	mail to Springdale
Arnett	1883	1951	14-14N-29W	named for Luke Arnett, mail to Fayetteville
Baldwin	1892	1955	20-16N-29W	mail to Fayetteville
Bamboo	1903	1905	17-13N-31W	mail to Strickler
Billingsley	1854	1887	3-14N-31W	local name, Latonia, mail to West Fork
Blackburn	1880	1952	7-13N-30W	originally to be Blackburn Fork, Boston, or Ino, mail to Winslow
Blackburn Fork				See Blackburn
Blewford	1897		8-17N-31W	name changed to Thornsberry in 1902
Bluff				See Wyola
Boon's Grove/ Boone's Grove/ Boones Grove	1851	1869	18-15N-28W	named for Benjamin F. Boone, local name Lewis Mills
Boston	1858	1868		See Blackburn
Bostonville	1844	1848	17-14N-31W	See Odell
Brentwood		1964	30-14N-29W	changed from Gunter in 1882, mail to Winslow
Brush Creek	1840	1841		
Cane Hill	1830	1868	26-15N-32W	
Canehill/ Cane Hill			8-14N-32W	name changed from Boonsboro in 1901

Carters Store/ Carter	1875		34-15N-29W	named for John C. Carter, p.m., changed to Hicks in 1930
Cherokee Agency	1840	1849		late in Crawford County
Cincinnati		1911	29-16N-33W	name changed from Sylva in 1857, mail to Summers
Cleveland	1879	1880	19-16N-29W	
Clyde	1887	1958	17-14N-32W	mail to Cane Hill
College Grove	1874		32-17N-32W	name changed to Goshen in 1876
Cove Creek	1844	1848		
Cross Roads	1875	1884	8-15N-29W	mail to Mankins
Cut				See Thornsberry
Devore	1884	1889	2-13N-29W	named for Elijah Devore mail to Sunset
Dump	1885	1896	20-13N-28W	mail to Sunset
Durham	1873	1967	29-15N-28W	originally to be named White River, mail to Fayetteville
Davis				See Floss
Dobbs Store				See Greenville
Dutch Mills	1871	1965	21-14N-33W	mail to Lincoln
Elkins			1-15N-29W	name changed from Hood in 1892
Elm Springs/ Elmsprings	1848		25-18N-31W	
Eutaw	1838	1838		
Evangel	1909	1912	7-14N-29W	was to be named Rowghton, mail to Brentwood
Evansville			21-13N-33W	named for Lewis Evans, name changed from Vineyard in 1837
Ever Green/ Evergreen	1866	1897	25-18N-29W	was to be named Pine Grove, mail to Springdale
Farmington	1868		26-16N-31W	
Fayetteville			16-16N-30W	name changed from Washington Courthouse in 1829
Felix		1890	31-71N-31W	name changed from Swaggerty in 1886, was to be named Glover

NAME	EST.	DISC.	LOCATION	COMMENTS
Fleener	1902	1910	4-15N-28W	mail to Elkins
Floss	1898	1905	14-13N-32W	was to be named Davis for W. Thomas Davis, p.m., mail to Strickler
Forley	1890	1891	1-16N-34W	mail to Trident
Georgetown	1884		30-15N-32W	was to be named Starr, name changed to Lincoln in 1885
Goshen			9-15N-30W	name changed from College Grove in 1876
Greenland			9-15N-30W	name changed from Staunton in 1909, local Greenland Station
Greenland Station				See Greenland
Greer/Greersburg				See Toln
Grover				See Felix
Gunter	1880		31-14N-29W	name changed to Brentwood in 1882
Habberton	1899	1951	26-17N-29W	mail to Fayetteville
Hale				See Ridge
Harman	1902	1909	15-17N-31W	named for George W. Harman, p.m. mail to Wheeler
Harris	1888	1957	27-16N-29W	mail to Fayetteville
Hazel Valley	1875	1951	36-14N-29W	mail to Fayetteville
Helth/Health	1884		11-13N-28W	Madison County in 1884
Hermansburgh/ Hermannsburg	1853	1867	21-14N-33W	named for John H. Hermann, p.m.
Hicks		1953	34-15N-29W	name changed from Carters Store in 1930, mail to Fayetteville
Hilochee	1850	1868	23-17N-32W	local name, Marrs Hill
Holm	1881	1881	27-17N-29W	
Hood	1885		1-15N-29W	named for Hood Family, was to be Simpson or Valley Grove, changed to Elkins in 1892
Howe	1884	1888	2-16-32W	mail to Felix
Hubard	1888	1907	7-14N-31W	mail to Prairie Grove
Ino				See Blackburn

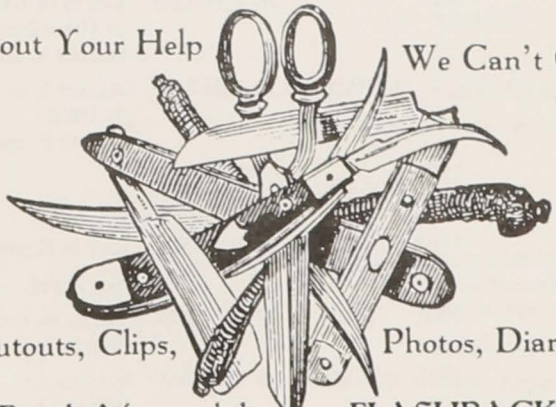
Jabur	1896	1900	19-16N-31W	was to be Rieff for James F. Rieff, p.m. mail to Farmington
Johnson	1887		22-17N-30W	
Joy				See Savoy
Latonia				See Billingsley
Lewis Mills				See Boon's Grove
Liberty Grove	1875	1878	16-15N-30W	
Lincoln			30-15N-32W	name changed from Georgetown in 1885
Little Spring				from Madison County in 1876, changed to Spring Valley in 1876
Lone Star	1883	1884	24-15N-31W	mail to Billingsley
Lynch's Prairie	1858	1866		
Maguire's Store		1888	25-16N-29W	from Madison Cty. in 1853, named for Hosea M. Maguire, local name Sylva, mail to Hood
Malta	1887	1888		
Mankins	1882		22-15N-29W	named for Peter Mankins, name changed to Sulphur City in 1887
Marrs Hill	1840	1841	19-16N-31W	named for James Marrs, see Hilochee
Mayfield	1900	1958	22-17N-28W	mail to Fayetteville
Mineral				See Ridge
Moffit	1888	1905	3-14N-31W	mail to Prairie Grove
Morrow	1883		25-14N-33W	named for G.W. Morrow, was to be Morrowville.
Morrowville				See Morrow
Mountain	1833	1839	4-14N-31W	
Mount Hays	1877	1879	14-15N-33W	
Ocoee	1883	1885	17-14N-31W	mail to Fayetteville
Odell		1955	6-12N-32W	from Crawford Cty. in 1930, was to be Stop or Bostonville, mail to Evansville
Onda	1893	1908	28-14N-31W	mail to West Fork
Osburn	1901	1929	32-14N-28W	for Henry C. Osborn, mail to Hazel Valley

NAME	EST.	DISC.	LOCATION	COMMENTS
Padroa	1892	1916	17-13N-32W	mail to Cane Hill
Paschal	1889	1890		
Pine Grove				See Evergreen
Pitkin	1884		16-14N-30W	name changed to Woolsey in 1928
Prairie Grove	1867		18-15N-31W	
Rhea's Mills/ Rheas Mills/ Rhea	1867	1963	5-15N-32W	named for Rhea Family, mail to Lincoln
Richland Creek	1832		20-16N-28W	name changed to Titsworth in 1847, to Madison Cty. in 1847
Rickert	1891	1905	14-16N-32W	named for Henry H. Rickert, p.m., mail to Prairie Grove
Ridge	1901	1922	35-15N-30W	was to be Mineral or Hale, mail to West Fork
Rieff				See Jabur
Rowghton				See Evangel
Rugby	1882		9-15N-30W	name changed to Staunton in 1886
St. Patricks	1840	1843		
Savoy	1892	1942	31-17N-31W	was to be named Joy, mail to Fayetteville
Sexton	1882	1906	8-14N-33W	mail to Summers
Simpson				See Hood
Sinar	1890	1891		
Skylight	1900	1916	33-14N-32W	mail to Cane Hill
Sonora	1896	1943	11-17N-29W	mail to Springdale
Springdale/ Spring Dale		1872	36-18N-30W	
Spring Mill	1858	1866		
Spring Valley		1959	2-17N-28W	name changed from Little Spring in 1876, mail to Springdale
Starr				See Georgetown
Staunton			9-15N-30W	name changed from Rugby in 1886, to Greenland in 1909
Steam Mill	1839		17-17N-32W	name changed to Boonsboro in 1843

Steele	1913	1914	13-17N-31W	named for Sarah A. Steele, p.m., mail to Johnson
Stop				See Odell
Strain	1884	1887	33-16N-29W	mail to Maguire's Store
Strickler	1878	1943	7-13N-31W	mail to West Fork
Sugar Hill	1902	1902	2-14N-33W	mail to Lincoln
Sulphur City		1953	22-15N-29W	name changed from Mankins in 1887, mail to Fayetteville
Summers	1882		16-15N-33W	named for John T. Summers, p.m.
Summit Home		1876	13-13N-30W	name changed to Winslow in 1881
Sunset/Sun Set	1888	1951	12-13N-29W	mail to Winslow
Swaggerty	1885		34-17N-31W	name changed to Felix in 1886
Sweet Home	1840	1846	17-15N-31W	
Sydenham	1901	1916	14-16N-29W	mail to Harris
Sylva	1838			name changed to Cincinnati in 1857, see Maguire's Store
Taney	1848	1879	30-14N-29W	
Thornsberry		1906	30-18N-31W	changed from Blewford in 1902, was to be Cut, mail to Elm Springs
Toln	1887		16-13N-33W	was to be named Greer or Greersburg, change to Tolu in 1888
Tolu		1902	16-13N-33W	named from Toln in 1888, mail to Evansville
Tontitown	1900		1-17N-31W	
Tranquillas	1870	1871	14-14N-29W	
Tuttle	1907	1912	21-16N-28W	mail to Goshen
Valley Grove				See Hood
Vale	1901	1951	20-16N-30W	was to be named "Y", mail to Fayetteville
Vida	1913	1914	36-13N-32W	local name, Wilcox Store, mail to Strickler
Vineyard	1829		21-13N-33W	name changed to Evansville in 1837

Viney Grove/ Vineygrove	1870	1905	1-15N-32W	mail to Prairie Grove
Wareagle	1832			name changed to Sevierville in 1837, to Madison Cty. in 1837
Washington Courthouse	1829			name changed to Fayetteville in 1829
Wedington	1879	1906	7-16N-32W	mail to Rhea's Mills
Wesley			29-16N-28W	from Madison Cty. in 1867, to Madison Cty. in 1874
West Fork	1848		16-14N-30W	
Wheeler	1873		28-17N-31W	
White River				See Durham
Wilcox Store				See Vida
Winslow			13-13N-30W	name changed from Summit Home in 1881
Wofford	1910	1911	8-15N-29W	mail to Ridge
Woolsey		1955	16-14N-30W	name changed from Pitkin in 1928, mail to West Fork
Wyman	1886	1919	8-16N-29W	mail to Fayetteville
Wyola	1915	1953	22-14N-29W	was to be named Bluff, mail to Winslow
"Y"				See Vale

Without Your Help We Can't Cut It!



Send Cutouts, Clips, Photos, Diaries, and Family Memorabilia to FLASHBACK

"OH, HOW WE CELEBRATED!
Washington County and the Arkansas Centennial"

Essay by Bob Besom

Members of the Arkansas Centennial Commission were distressed when they heard that a New York City newspaper had referred to the Arkansas celebration as "a poor folks celebration." But a poor folks celebration was exactly what it was, a fact that makes the events and accomplishments of 1936 all the more remarkable to us today.

Arkansas started planning early for the observance of its 100th birthday and the people doing the planning at the state level had lots of ideas and energy. Yet the records of their meetings are full of false starts and considerable frustration. The problem was that the Arkansas Centennial came in the midst of the Great Depression when Arkansas faced unparalleled economic upheaval plus the worst drought that the state had ever known.

At the State Level

The people of Washington County were conspicuous at the state level in their support of the celebration. Four Fayetteville citizens (Morgan McMichael, Lessie S. Read, Dr. Arthur M. Harding, and Marion Wasson) served on the 250-member Centennial Commission. Wasson was even a member of its small decision-making executive committee.

—When the state commission asked Arkansans to clean up for the celebration, both Fayetteville and Springdale organized Spic n' Span campaigns.

—The Fayetteville Chamber of Commerce was singled out for praise by the state commission for its fund raising efforts on behalf of the celebration.

—A large delegation of adults and children from Washington County went to Little Rock June 10 for a reception and speech by President Franklin D. Roosevelt. Washington County was allotted 229 seats for the occasion, which was the central event of the celebration.

—Dr. D.Y. Thomas, a professor of history at the University of Arkansas, helped organize a state-wide historical markers program. (Eventually centennial markers were placed in two Washington County locations: Fayetteville and Cane Hill.)

—Washington County held a queen contest as part of the search for a state centennial queen. Virginia Bunch of Springdale won the county contest and became one of the Maids of Honor at the state level.

Local Events

For most people, the "big" events of the centennial were the local celebrations. As was the case throughout the state, planning for those activities in Washington County was very much a last-minute proposition and financing them was a constant concern. William S. Campbell, the secretary of the Fayetteville Chamber of Commerce, was president of the Washington County Commission. Campbell devoted most of his efforts to promoting the celebration in talks before fraternal and civic clubs.

Women's clubs took the lead in actually developing events. The key

group in Fayetteville was a special organization calling itself the City Women's Centennial Committee, organized in April of 1936 by Mrs. E.F. Ellis. Included were representatives from various women's organizations in the city. The most impressive activity of the group was a well-organized, highly-publicized effort to establish a temporary museum at the Grant Thompson Home on North College in Fayetteville. Every community in the county was asked to contribute displays and more than 200 people actually did loan items. Various women's clubs in Fayetteville, Prairie Grove, and Springdale, acted as hostesses at the museum.

A large "museum" sign was placed across the walk and the lawn was decorated with Arkansas flags. The museum was open for one month beginning June 6. A guard was hired (for $2.00 a day) and the exhibits were insured. There were almost daily articles in the *Fayetteville Democrat*, with detailed histories of the items on exhibit. There were wonderful items with remarkable histories. There was a piano bought in France in the 1830's and brought to Fayetteville in 1878 by General D.H. Hill, president of the Arkansas Industrial University. There was a dress worn to the 1867 inaugural ball for U.S. President James Buchanan. There was a whole room full of Spanish-American and World War relics collected by W.G. Ownby of Springdale.

The women raised money for their projects with a series of centennial parties at private homes. Participants were asked to contribute a small donation, usually 25 cents, to the Women's Centennial Committee. For example, on May 27, the *Fayetteville Democrat* social page reported a centennial tea at Mrs. G.D. Nichols, a centennial bridge party at Mrs. Fount Richardson, and a centennial breakfast at Mrs. Davis Causey's. Each party was decorated with Arkansas themes and thus became a centennial event in itself. Women's Centennial Committee activities included a clean-up campaign and an Arkansas flag sale. After the events were over, Mrs. Ellis told a reporter that the committee had paid its own way on everything and would not be needing financial help from any of the men's organizations!

Another major Fayetteville activity was the construction of a model home, sponsored by the Rural Federation of Women's Clubs in cooperation with the *Fayetteville Democrat*. The home was built at 524 Shady Lane (½ block north of Mt. Nord) of native materials by local labor. It was designed by Baxter Miles for his own use and was furnished by local merchants in a thoroughly modern manner. A log cabin was built on the site and was furnished with pioneer household utensils for contrast with the modern home. The opening of these buildings turned out to be a very popular event: hundreds toured the site.

Other women's groups joined the celebration. In May of 1936, 75 gardens in Fayetteville were opened for tour as part of the local garden club observance to the centennial. The Springdale Women's Civic Club set out the official centennial David O. Dodd rose on the library grounds and organized a "Know Your State" contest for Springdale students.

Students made major contributions to the celebration. The Springdale *Bulldog* publication in April featured the early history of Springdale. A University of Arkansas engineering magazine in May was dedicated to the

centennial and outlined the history of engineering graduates across the state. The University of Arkansas *Razorback* yearbook made the centennial its major theme. The University of Arkansas College of Agriculture stressed the centennial in its annual Agri Day parade.

The centennial was the central theme of the annual Fayetteville schools end-of-the-year exhibits in May. The exhibits covered such subjects as Arkansas writers and Arkansas Indians. The biggest event in Fayetteville was a pageant put on at Harmon Field by public school students on May 19, 1936. Over 650 participants from seven schools put on 14 episodes in Arkansas' history beginning with the bluff dwellers and including Chief Sequoyia, who made the first Indian alphabet; Ferdinand DeSoto and his treatment of the Indians; French exploration under Father Marquette; the legend of Petit Jean; the Spanish regime; the arrival of the first white settlers in Arkansas and their house raisings and house warmings; the arrival of the first governor; the first legislature; and life in the South before the Civil War and during the Gay 90's. A replica of the first building at Arkansas Post was constructed for the pageant. More than 2,500 people attended. Dr. Dwight Moore, a University of Arkansas botanist, made two reels of movies of the event and they were screened for the public the following week at the Palace Theater.

A spirited two-day Springdale celebration sponsored by the local Oddfellow Lodge, July 3 and 4 drew the biggest Washington County crowd. It began Friday with speeches. There was a talk on the history of Springdale followed by the principle address, a speech on the history of Washington County by L.S. Welch of Valley Springs. Then there were political and patriotic speeches. On July 4th, there was a parade, contests (pie-eating, oldest couple, ladies egg race, spelling bee, etc.) and a dance at City Park at which some 4,000 people attended. There was an effort to make it a regional celebration and the mayors of Fayetteville and Prairie Grove were included among the speakers.

Prairie Grove celebrated the centennial August 4-7, during the 40th annual union of participants in the Civil War Battle of Prairie Grove. The celebration included a museum of relics and a "One Hundred Years of Arkansas" pageant attended by some 3,000 people.

The local and state celebration ended with the "Battle of the Centennials," December 5, which featured a football game in Little Rock between the University of Arkansas and the University of Texas. Arkansans were keenly aware that their centennial was overshadowed by Texas which had millions of dollars to spend on a spectacular exposition celebrating the 100th anniversary of its independence from Mexico. So Arkansans took particular delight in beating Texas on the gridiron and, in the process, winning the Razorback's first Southwest Conference football championship.

Centennial activities in Washington County were obviously great fun and helped people forget about the depression for just a moment. In the process of participating in the events of the year, people were probably made a bit more aware of their rich Arkansas heritage. The general observations that can be made about the celebration are that women took the main interest

and did most of the work, most all of the major organizations of the period did something to recognize the birthday, and the biggest communities in the county, Fayetteville and Springdale, each organized independent events, but were careful to invite people from other communities.

Research information on the centennial can be found in contemporary issues of the *Fayetteville Democrat* and *Springdale News* and in the Arkansas Centennial Commission files held at the Arkansas History Commission in Little Rock.

BOB KIDD LAKE

by Juel Benbrook Hamlen Giles

For many years, the signs on Highway 62, west of Prairie Grove, have directed people to "Budd Kidd Lake", but at long last the Arkansas Highway Department has promised to correct the name to **Bob Kidd** at the insistence of the Walnut Grove Cherry Belle Club. The club asked twelve old timers, all of whom had known Bob Kidd well, to sign a petition stating that the hollow had always been "Bob Kidd hollow".

Two of the signers are still living — Mrs. Lena Helm of Prairie Grove and Homer Smith of Fayetteville, formerly of Cane Hill. Two of the signers died recently — Lon Moore and Willard Morris.

Mrs. Helm, age 90, remembers that the Bob Kidd family worked for her folks. When Bob Kidd's daughter married and moved to Fayetteville, she named her first daughter "Lena" after Mrs. Helm. Homer Smith, now age 91, and his wife Clara (from Cincinnati) recently celebrated their seventy-second wedding anniversary.

Bob Kidd did not know how old he was, but old-timers who knew him estimated his age at 100 years. He had worked and saved, living frugally so that when slavery was over and a "nigger" was allowed to own land he could buy a piece of land for himself. Needless to say, more penny-pinching days followed as he struggled to raise a family on the forty acres of mostly waste land in Bob Kidd hollow.

When Bob's family had left this area and he grew too old and feeble to cut enough wood to keep himself warm, he would try to find enough sticks and trash to boil a pot of coffee and fry an egg (if he had one). Then he would climb back into bed to keep warm. As the weather got colder he would add another layer of clothes.

When the neighbors found him dead one morning under his thin, dirty, ragged bed covers, he was wearing six layers of clothing. No doubt he died of exposure and malnutrition. But he did leave a "holler" in which to build a beautiful lake, "The Bob Kidd Lake".

Bob's body now rests in the Bean cemetery, east of Lincoln on Highway 62, his name only partially hand-chiseled on the sandstone rock which marks his grave.

Incidentally, this ground also held the Bean church and school, named for another prominent negro family named Bean, and a street in Lincoln bears the name "Bean Street".

JAMES M. RUSSELL, 1845 - 1922
Confederate Soldier
Co. B of McGee's Co. Dobbins Cavalry

Note: James Maston Russell, reviewing his Civil War experiences for his children has described the often chaotic and intensely personal experiences of an 18-year-old soldier faced with hunger, illness and death, who has been left by his comrades because he is unable to keep up with the unit.

Russell's first battle, the Battle of Helena, found the unit defeated, but he fails to mention that the company, part of Archibald S. Dobbins Cavalry, led the advance into Helena. The Confederate losses at Helena were one killed and eight wounded.

Russell dismisses the remainder of 1863 and early months of 1864 but Dobbins reports that on Oct. 11, 1863 the unit was driven out of Tulip, one of Arkansas' ghost towns.

As the Confederates massed for Price's Drive into Missouri much correspondence went back and forth. General Jo Shelby said his units, including Dobbins, on their march through Arkansas to Missouri faced starvation because the land had been plundered by the opposing forces. When they were at Lewisburg small pox was raging. Dobbins was ordered to destroy the plantations on the Mississippi, around Augusta and on Aug. 9, the same year Dobbins was ordered south of the Arkansas River to join General Shelby.

Russell also mentions Brig. Genl. John S. Marmaduke, Brig. Genl. James F. Fagan, and General Sterling Price.

On Nov. 6, 1864 Major General S. R. Curtis (USA) reported: "We left Prairie Grove at daylight on the 6th, driving scattering rebels out of Cane Hill and taking and paroling a large number of sick and broken-down rebel prisoners. Price had secured supplies of cattle at this place and his troops had commenced erecting huts with the evident supposition that he would remain some time." This leads one to assume that Russell had been hospitalized in Cane Hill, since he was able to leave with a "parole in his pocket."

Russell's memoirs were found in the Dallas Public Library by WCHS member Wally Waits. Permission to publish them was given by Chris Allen Russell, a descendant, of Princeton, TX.

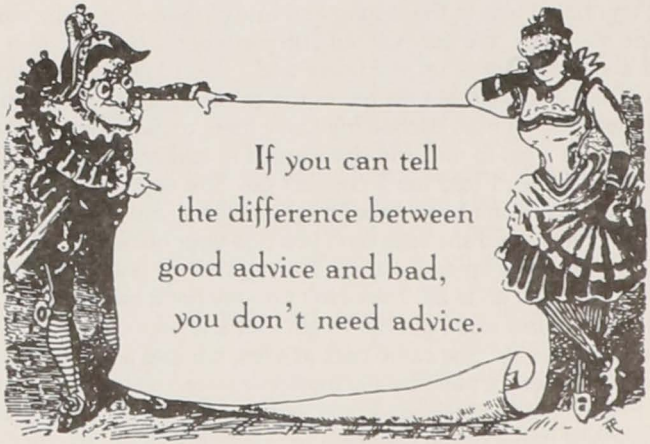
In 1863 February 5th, I was eighteen year old and enlisted as a confederate soldier in old Madison, *(County seat until 1874 in East Central Ar.)* Sant Francis County in Company B. Captain Jim McGee's Company and I was in a good meny fights but the first battle I was in was the Hellena's battle, 4th of July 1863.

In the fall of '64 we started from Augusta, Woodruff County on the raid of Missouri, known as the Price raid. We got up on Black river and moved from one farm to another and fed up our horses as a detail to go out to Pochohuntas and Powhatan and get tin to make gritters. Then we moved on to Greenville Mo. on the head or near the St. Francis river, then to Frederick town Mo. and there we all come together, Marmaduke, Joe. Shelby and Ge. Fagin. I thought that the world couldn't whip us. Then we went on down to the Iron mountains got into a fight there at Pilot Knob. There was 900 fellows dead in a small fort, Fagin and Mamraduke fought them all day and we lost I suppose about two thousand men and couldn't get to them at

all. That night they blowed up a magazine and I was about a quarter from it and it jarred the earth and then they vacated and Old General Price had to detail to make ladders that night, the large men carried the ladders and the small men were to go into the fort, thò we didn't have to do that they were gone. Next morning there were dead men, dead horses and cannon balls laying thick about three hundred yards round. Then we moved on to Jefferson city on the Missouri river and there we run the skirmishes in and then went up the river to Boonesvill Mo. and at this time we were sourrounded. We looked around and saw wagons trains burning up, some the boys said they are going to surrended us and I said they can surrended if they want to but I am going out of here. So we started out and I could have crawled faster than we went out of there and the cannons ball were flying as thick as hail. We had orders not to look back but we would do that. I saw a ball a coming a six or eight pounder bouncing and it bounced about 100 yards and bounced another 100 and hit the ground right behind me and the man on my right. It rose and hit the back of his saddle and nocked a splinter off as big as your finger and would have gone through him had it been a half inch higher. His name was Mosey Martin. At thet time Mosey had lots of friends. One man grabbed his bridle and two on each side of him were holding him on. So we went on that night and I had not had a bite to eat for three days and next day we started on and the Yankees were on the right and left and pushing us in the rear. There was a keg of malasses thrown out and I jumped down and drew a can of molasses and drank it. The crowd had to fight and so they were on the right and left of us and Col. Daubbins acting as Brigadier General, give us orders to take care of ourselves. I run about 100 yards and run up on a little ravine of quick sand and some men in them and horses on them scratching round trying to get out. I tried to check my horse and I was going so fast I couldn't stop and so I put the spurs to him and he jumped the ravine and I was half a mile ahead of every body and I was very sick and I was way a head of them and I jumped down and lay down on the ground, and I looked back and seen them cutting them off with sabors and my horse Andrew, wouldn't let me lay there. He begin to paw and root me with his nose. He was a deep sorrell, not a white hair on him and so I had to get on him and he just went south in a run. Old. Gen. Shelby throwed his men in line for battle and I run thru the lines and not a man spoke to me. He placed his artillery and men got out of the way and he fired on to them and that checked them. So I went on that night and struck a little streak of timber on a small creek and lay down at a straw pile and I hadn't had a bite to eat, then in four days and the road was full of men. There was a boy stopped with me and he was a hunching me alnight to get up lets go and I was so bad off I couldn't go. So finally I got up and started but I was not able to ride. Got out into the road some of them said, whose men is them, stop them and take their horses from and I rode up a little pert then and it came daylight and they was a gathering the men together and Capt. Jones says Russell you just keep a going. Said don't stop for nothing. So I kept a traveling. They would pass me in a gallop and I would pass them in a line of battle and I had no help at all, nothing to eat and nothing to feed my horse. Had plenty

of company but I didn't know anybody. So we got on down, come out of the Cherekee nation on the line of Arkansas, overtook Company eating breakfast. I came up and set down against a stump and I hadn't had a bite to eat in fourteen (14) days. Capt. Jones came to me and he says Russell you and John Collie and Bill Thomas better fall out. Says Thomas has got the small pox and they all think you got them too and so I got on my horse and followed Thomas and Collie and they went into a horse lot unsaddled their horses and lay in an old horse stable and it snowed all night on us and next morning they went to fighting at Fayettville but I didn't hear it and they saddled up their horses and saddled mine up and led him up to the door and said get up lets go and I was so bad off I couldn't get up. They got on their horses and looked thru a big crack, looked sorry for me and road off and left me and then there had to be something done. I got up and went out of the lot andwent across the road, there was some Missourians camped there. I got to the yard gate, there was an officer came a walking out and says to the guards let this man come in he is a dying and the guards shook his head so I open the gate and went round the edge of the yard and went into a negro kitchen and lay down on the floorland I was never so bad off but whar I thought of my horse, Andrew, I sent a couple of little negro boys out after my horse. They brought him and tied him to the door and gave him a little hock fodder. The first he had had to eat in fifteen days. A negro woman gave me a small biscuit, a small cup of coffee and I eat half the biscuit and drank half the coffee and I didn't want that, so I lay there till the next morning and the old white lady took me in the house and I can recollect, sorter like a dream, seeing them setting round a great long table eating and I suppose I was there, that day and night, and the old lady came and roused me up and told me I had better go to the hospital, that the soldiers was all gone and the old man gone to the woods, that the Pen Indians would come in and kill me and burn the house. Well I sanctioned it, and those little negro boys hitched up an old Ox wagon and made a bed out of my blankets and I got in the wagon but I don't know how I got in, whether they put me in or I got in, any how I was in the wagon and one of them drove the wagon and one rode my horse. We got in about 100 yards of the hospital door, a wheel run off and they saddle up my horse and I don't know how I got on the wagon wheel and then got on my horse and rode up to the hospital door and kinder fell in. A man hitched my horse there to the right and just as I got in, there come a girl to me, and she wanted to take me home with her, she lived right in town. I told her I couldn't go. She says can't you ride your horse? She says I don't know how I'll get you there, the wagons and buggies are all out of town and she says can't you ride your horse. I told her no. and she says I'll hold you up and you can lean against me and I'll take you that a way and I wouldn't go at all, I wouldn't turn my hand over to live. I thought a heap of my horse and I got her to get him and take care of him and she said she would do so. She came back in a few minutes and brought me a little something to eat, a pan of water andsome soap and washed my face and hands and still tried to take me home with her and she took my name, my post office and name of my folks and my Captains name, so she came and

stayed with me and took care of me. I suppose ten or fifteen days and I never even learned her name. About the second or third day the Yankees came and the first thing I knew I looked up and they were standing all around me and I don't know how long they had been there. I didn't know who they were and I didn't care. So there was about 800 men in the hospital, sick and wounded had no attention at all, only what the ladies of the town and sourrounding country, could give them and so the Federals went on through. Every morning ladies would drive up in old Ox wagons and carry out seven or eight dead men they put them in the wagon and hauled them off. My girl came and tole me they got my horse. Says I could have got away with him but there were some sick men there that wanted me to stay with them. I put my little sister on him and they caught her and I tole her I didn't care. And so finally they all died out and left but three or four of us and they moved us to another house and all that was able to walk walked and ladies carried me and I suppose I was there about a week and I got so I could set up in the floor and then I wanted to go home and I didn't know no more where I was than if you should go to sleep at night and wake up in the morning in western Texas. So the Yankees came thru again and the doctor come in and said his medicine wagon would be up in a few minutes and he would give us some medicine and the ceommsary sergeant came in and says the provision wagon will be up pretty quick and I'll put you out some thing to eat. They passed thru and didn't so it, but they burned every house in Cane Hill except where there were sick men. Some of them were afraid to take in the sick, afraid they would burn them out and I got so I could go out of the house and dip up a bucket of water and I wanted to go home. There was a walnut tree close by and I got to going to that and getting walnuts and there was a apple orchard not far away but up on a high bluff and I got to going to that and the ladies would see me out of the house they would ring their hands and holler, for Gods sake get back in, you'll be killed but I went on easy for I had a parole in my pocket.



Go now! Return by next moon with FLASHBACKS for all my people. Then will braves come down from summit.

ISSN 0428-5573

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Going Snake 1
A 1944 Eulogy 10
The Contributions
of William Lighton 16
Queries 19
Four Ladies of Oakland 21
Decoration Day - 1906 22
There and Back Again 24
Washington County P.O.s 34
Oh, How We Celebrated! 41
Bob Kidd Lake 44
James M. Russell 45

May 1986